

Esquire

A woman in a red dress is the central figure, with her legs spread apart. A black Rottweiler dog is sitting in front of her legs, looking directly at the camera with its mouth open. The background is plain white.

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1996

The Big Dog Gets the Girl

*After 30 years of feminism,
the return of the Alpha Male*
By Michael Segell

Ken Fuson
Kickin' Pills and Butt
with Brett Favre

Robert Ulan Butler
JFK Secretly Attends
Jackie's Auction!

David Blum
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PRADA



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CLASSIC V2

COVER STYLING BY JACQUE MARTEL. HAIR BY LEO PEREZ. MAKEUP BY OLIVIERO TOSCANI. ALL THE TALKING WAS DONE WITHIN. PHOTO: MICHAEL MANNING



5540

Esquire

OCTOBER 1996 • VOLUME 128 • NO. 4

FEATURES

The Second Coming of the Alpha Male 74

By MICHAEL SORRELL

After thirty million years of evolution, three thousand years of civilization, and thirty years of feminism, it's time to put the man back in manhood. By balancing traditional male virtues—aggressiveness, courage, power—with new emotional insight, you can unleash the big dog within.

Border War 84

By Joseph Tardio

They're still running aliens and drugs across the U.S.-Mexican border. But are they running scared?

A picaresque adventure along America's last frontier

Guts and Glory 92

By Kim Fursow

Green Bay Packers quarterback Brett Favre has locked the pills and is taking it one play at a time.

The Auction 100

Fiction by ROBERT CLAY BUTLER

He kept quiet about what really happened in Dallas in 1963, but when Jackie's pearl necklace goes on the block, a very much-alive JFK comes out of hiding.

The Long Cigar 106

By David Bell

A guilt-free, medium rare, smoke-filled night on the town with the men of the Five C Club... You bring the Dominicans.



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REALITY CHECK

Maya Angelou keeps her day job; Ralph Reed needs to relearn a commandment; and Colin Powell talks dirty. Plus: Joe Klein's early experiment with anonymity. By Jeannette Walls 24

Group 1 (control) of new enrollees: 175%

After years of rather arrogant indifference

YOUR WIFE'S CAT SUDDENLY LIKES LAYING IN YOUR LAP.

Possibly the only downside to extremely
soft pants.

Though Princess may have a better idea of the use of a marble and likes to sharpen her claws on the drapes and chew your plants, you can't argue with her taste in clothes. Then again, Haggas didn't name it The Ultimate Pant for nothing. They're soft as a new-born kitten, without the needle-sharp teeth. They're so soft you'll truly be amazed. Princess was amazed (and she is so easily bored). But don't take our word for it. Try them on. And this discussion will make a lot more sense. Of course, softness isn't everything. They're also Wrinkle-Free (we actually invented that

you know). And not just any Wrinkle-Free, soft Wrinkle-Free. So you wash them. You never iron them. You brush the cat hair off them and life is good. And don't forget the cotton. These pants are pure cotton. So they breathe and are always comfortable even with a great big lump of kitty attitude on your lap. Now, that purring sound you hear isn't a cat, it's your body saying, get me to a mall. We recommend you do as it says. The Ultimate Pant by Haggas. Buy them. Love them. And fluffy little cat like Princess will rub up against you just to feel your pants. HAGGAR



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IF YOU ONLY HAD ONE PAIR OF PANTS, THIS WOULD BE IT.



ESKY

Johnny Velazquez horses around, zinging out with Stanley Tucci, Sadeen Mustangs with muscle, Gordon Lish's new novel, how to book the best restaurant tables, and the real way to cook sausage. Plus: Halloween according to A. M. Homes, and more. **30**



THE MALE ANIMAL

The gentle art of shortgunning, the sour smell of success, reframing your face, the incredible sheslong beam; culver in-line skating, and mutant cures for the sudden side stitch. **54**

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By WALTER SIEGARD

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The media could be part of the solution in sports, if only it weren't part of the problem

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY WOOD



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Magadishu and the streets
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who now wields a
pen instead of a sword."
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Esquire

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GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI



Grand Slam

DAMN FOSTER WALLACE! MAN, ON, ON, what a writer. If he wrote a book on the efficacy of surreal-fantasy cure-alls, I would buy it. His article "The Strong Theory" (July) was the best piece you've ever printed. Points, game, and match to Wallace.

—DAVE REYNOLDS
Carm, Mich.

THE ARTICLES ABOUT PROFESSIONAL TENNIS IN YOUR AND GQ'S MAGNIFICENT July issue illustrate why *Esquire* is a worthy successor publication. Wallace doesn't dive headfirst to perform interviews with players in his refreshingly candid take on the rapid world of professional tennis. He does, however, acknowledge what has for years been obvious to me as both a former junior player and current graduate student in clinical psychology: As an individual's tennis skills increase, so, too, does his withdrawal from reality. I do wish Michael Joyce well.

—KEVIN O'LEARY
Los Angeles, Calif.

"THE STRONG THEORY" WAS THE BEST I've read since I've ever read, even though, contrary to Wallace's stated aim, I have followed the career of Jimmy Hays, Vince Spadua, et al. That is the underlying beauty of his analysis. It provides the same interest for the casual tennis follower as it did for me. The article was so fascinating (even though I "knew" everything he was saying) that I actually sent copies to my friends at our tennis club. David, please consider this your open invitation to play and hang out with us at our club (the best real-estate course in the metropolitan area) the next time you travel east. Thanks for a wonderful experience.

—STEVEN MURKIN
Ret. Los Angeles, Calif.

I FEEL THAT I GOT A PRETTY GOOD shake on this subscription deal. A fine monthly magazine for a nominal fee. Wallace's prose alone makes me feel giddy, as if I'm getting an extra bonus with the deal. Boats a team pocket every day. An original article about a great

sport, a clean winner down the line, it points out the already demanding place on which these athletes compete, which is all too often taken for granted. The metaphors used throughout ring relevant in the lifelong commitment it takes to be ranked in the top one hundred in the world in such a physically and mentally demanding sport.

—MATT STREETER
Ada, Mich.

COME BACK FROM THE BEACH, BOYS! *Esquire* reads. Strunk and White's summer school if you think "The Strong Theory" was held together by more than a feeble fistband. The footnote forest undermined the great work behind making it to the grandstand. Good writers do not always make good reporters. I suggest your editors practice their follow-through.

—ANDREW VAN STICKLE
Salisbury, Conn.

I WILL BUY YOUR MAGAZINE EVERY time you have Wallace write for you. I am not alone.

—JOHN WOLFE
Alto, Ohio

I LIKE WALLACE. I ONCE THOUGHT I wrote good enough to compete on a professional level. This was the morning. Now I just want to tear my pen and paper out the window and play some tennis.

—ERIC JOHNSON
North Haven, Conn.

I WILL FOREVER BE GRATEFUL TO Wallace for reaffirming the validity of my "tenuous rational" delusional style of personal tennis. Here's to those of us who cherish the Zen notion of winging it, merely by hanging in until the other guy loses.

—TOMY BAKER
Sausalito, Calif.

ASIDE FROM HIS PERSONAL VIEW ON Allbrook and Andre, Wallace's take on the mysteries of professional tennis was delightful. *Esquire* may never find another writer who can articulate the subtle multiplicity—coarseness/complexity, individual commitment, and

psychosocial behavioral characteristics—of professional tennis, or any other sport for that matter, the way Wallace has. I found his study both provocative and evocative, as he dug deep beneath the surface of an otherwise moribund sport. I would love to read his take on the sport that I believe is the most beautiful and intense—squash. Until then, I will continue onward to *Esquire*.

—W. J. VILLARI
West Palm Beach, Fla.

WALLACE'S OBSERVATIONS WERE SO profound and so unargued by any other tennis article that I can comfortably say I will never have to read another article about the sport again. Wallace's talent as a writer is proportional to Agassi's as a tennis player.

—JOHN WINTER
Piedmont, N.C.

WALLACE'S ARTICLE WAS A TRUE delight to read. It accomplishes what any good magazine article or piece of writing should (but often fails to) do, and that is to enable the reader to enter a new and different world. My understanding of and appreciation for the game and the world of tennis have been considerably broadened. And better than being a distraction, the footnotes were brilliant and illuminating.

—BENJAMIN BOKROS
Berwyn Springs, Mich.

FINALLY, SOMEONE WITH WHAT IT takes to write the truth about the sport of tennis. I've read that rag they call *Tennis Magazine* for fifteen years, and it never has a story with the depth and understanding of "The Strong Theory."

—BRUCE UNDERWOOD
San Francisco, Calif.

WALLACE'S PIECE IS AN EPIGRAMMATIC of the first order. It's Flaubert with steroids. The wrap of Wallace's not-so-detached and highly mannered observations (I'll never read footnotes with the same expectations) combine with the wool of his ability to string words together like pearls to provide a rich caper of the tour. Indeed, if your author could rip the ball down the line with the same penetrating accuracy with which he observes and



nautica





THE SOUND & THE FURY

chronicles, that *snag-food* husband Agon might be forced into another line of work—perhaps something less public and less annoying. Thank you for giving Walcott the chance to unleash.

—JOHN F. BROWN
Whisperer Wis.

IT WAS REALLY DIFFICULT TO STOP laughing with laughter long enough to write. That surreal article by Walcott was incredible—the guy is a genius. I was laughing out loud (by myself), almost crying, doubled over with mirth. I bet he's lots of fun at a cocktail party.

—PAT LITWOLK
Mountain B.

Three on Deice

I CAN'T BELIEVE MISS LUCICA MISSED the chance to get a Deice to sport-fisherman (The Sporting Life, July). The gamine I saw at airport John McEnery as he lay dying at home plate was in severely bad taste and an abomination of the sporting image that the magazine attempts to portray. In terms of callousness and disregard to McEnery, Marge Schott has done no worse than the magazine. On the other hand, at least she is what she claims to be. It proved that it isn't willing to live up to its own principles. In fact, a Deice is probably too good for them.

—L. GRIFFITH
Lejune Ind.

HOW ABOUT GIVING THE PLAYERS of the Dallas Cowboys once in a while? They did win the Super Bowl, for God's sake. They have the best quarterback-and-running-back combo nation in the game in Aikman and Smith, one of the best receivers in football in Irvin, and an all-world athlete in Deion Sanders (for whom your award is named). Why don't people bath the agent once in a while? They whined and cried after the Packers barons beat them. Leave the Cowboys alone or at least give them equal treatment. Also, Dennis Rodman head-butts a referee, gets a suspension, and receives no Deice? Seems to me the award should be renamed the Rodman.

—THOMAS SEARS
Andean Air Force Base
Camp Springs, Md.

THREE DEICES WERE BETTER THAN four this year. Lucica is the ideal host. Look out, Whoopi! And the Joan Rivers preview on E! was great. I love to hear the coosiness of the participants as they arrive. Glad Joan knew to keep away from Albert Belle.

—JOAN STUBBS
Rox. Madison, N.Y.

Fiction Fighting

WHAT TELLER OF SEA STORIES wouldn't like to lay claim to a colorful and patinaed background to lend authenticity to his tales of adventure on the Spanish Main? Hagopian's notes on contributors (Bookings, July) were... I think the word is *nerdout* in its reference to my story "Under the Pinnaid" and attempted to render my description of the writing of the story by quoting me as saying, "The story really did happen as I wrote it, moment by moment." I fear this has inadvertently given the impression that the story actually took place, that the characters existed and the events of the narrative were actually witnessed by me. I should like to make plain that the story is entirely fiction and that the characters and events are entirely invented. I am neither a criminal drug smuggler nor a former fashion model, neither a hero, shell nor a cowardly wench who left his lover to drown in the surf off St. Lucia. I am not now nor have I ever been a criminal companion of any kind. I am, in fact, a writer and my prose is invention.

—ROBERT STONE
Waspnet Com.

IF JOHN HAD GIVEN J. SCOTT Fitzgerald another chance ("The Second Act," July), Scott would have gone on to write scripts for the *Sagittaria* TV series, become a regular on the Jack Paar comedy show, and gotten his ass kicked by Norman Mailer at a drunken afternoon cocktail party in the Hamptons.

—DENNIS C. BARTLOW
Aemok, N.Y.

CORRECTION Our July issue included a note that model Rebecca Rompage, who appeared on the cover, was the sister of the author. Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Dept. 330, 150 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or sent by mail to response@soundandthefury.com include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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MET THE ALPHA dog. He's the big dog at the office and at home. He's marked his territory and still knows how to take care of the pups. He grows.

Freeman has had thirty years of books, films, and literature," says contributing editor **Michael Segal**, who announces the return of this beast who never slouches ("The Second Coming of the Alpha Male," page 76), "and a lot of guys have retired from the good things that make them men, so I wanted to remind that masculine side. The alpha male is someone who found a proper balance between his aspirations, ideas, and achievements. It is not based on how much money you make."

There is another vital component to this big dog: the emotional intuition and intimacy that men have with women over. Now he shows the path in the family.

"And there's one other thing," continues Segal, who is also a senior editor at *Esquire*. "I have five children. Any man with five or more children is an alpha male."

Esquire's life columnist **Mike Lupica** celebrates his tenth anniversary at *Esquire* with an excerpt (page 70) from his new book, *Mad as Hell: How Sports Got Away from the Fans—and How We Got It Back* (U.P. Putnam's Sons). "In the last few years, I have seen the gulf between us and them grow even wider," Lupica says of the fans and the athletes. "And any sports fan who says he's not pissed off isn't telling the truth." Lupica's other books include the novels *Jump Line* at Bremer, and *Ents Onfire*.

After returning from his journey to Africa (*Esquire*, April 1995), senior writer **John Taylor** went on another odyssey, this time to Pat Buchanan's nightmare, the U.S.-Mexican border



David Blum and Gerald Segal



photographer **Anthony Kirovich**, whose last assignment for *Esquire* was photographing two Nazis at Ran Bragg, North Carolina. "There was a great feeling of déjà vu for me," says Kirovich, "because I left Prague illegally in 1950. So I could really relate." Next year, the Monocle Press will publish a collection of Kirovich's work as Eastern Europe over the past twenty years.

Karl Brown makes his *Esquire* debut this month with a portrait of Green Bay Packers quarterback Brett Favre ("Guns and Glory,"

"Border War," page 54). Taylor reports that "most of the people who are crossing the border are only coming over to visit a friend, do a little shopping, or go to dinner." On the other hand, "the human struggles, the efforts, have become as dangerous as the drug struggles."

Accompanying Taylor to the border was

page 94). And let anyone think that Favre—who recently came out of rehab for post-sellar addiction—has lost his penchant for a good time. Favre recounts an experience they had on the golf course. The two were riding one of Favre's tourneys in a golf cart when they hit a bump and went airborne. "For a few white knuckled moments," says Favre, an award-winning feature writer for *The Dan Manno Report*. "I thought we would flip over and I would land on Favre and kill him. They would have booted me in and out of hellfire at Lombard Field."

Based on the mock tabloid headline JFK recently attended Jackie's auction, **Robert Dine Butler's** short story "The Auction" (page 100) is a revelation for conspiracy theorists. JFK lives! The story will appear in Butler's forthcoming collection of mundanely surrealistic tales, *Tabloid Dreams* (Henry Holt), which, he says, "uses pop culture as a way into high culture." And I have several excerpts in the book. "Tabloid Dreams is also being made into a series for HBO. The Pulitzer-prize-winning author of *A Good Scent from a Strange Mountain*, *They Weep and Weep*, Butler is at work on a new novel and another collection, which he hopes to call *More Tabloid Dreams Found on Mars*.

"You could count the number of cigars I've smoked in my life on these fingers," says contributing editor **David Blum**, whose unique glimpse into cigar culture appears on page 108 ("The Long Cigar"). Blum probes the Five C Club—the place to drink the name's meaning—which gathers each month to share a fine weed, a few drinks, and some tasty tobacco. Sort of a monthly bacchanal party—but with good manners and the occasional Cuban. So, is Blum (who is at work on a book on longevity) now a cigar convert? "Let's just say I want to avoid some of Freud's problems." H



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HANRO
OF SWITZERLAND

Reality Check

By Jeannette Walls

SIMILARITIES

Write Thou Shalt Not Steal 1,000 Times

THINK'S ONE EDITORIAL issue that moral crusader **Richard** might want to avoid ripping off other people's work: The bulk of the then director of the Christian Coalition was dropped in a column from his college newspaper after he was accused of plagiarism.

In 1976, Reed, then a senior at the University of Georgia, wrote a column for the campus paper, *The Red and Black*, with the headline "Gossamer: Many or Two?" The column's content: Shortly after Reed's article ran, another student wrote in and made a compelling case that "every assertion, every quote, and several seemingly original Reed phrases may be found directly or in slightly modified



Reed loving another's words.

form" in a Commentary article by **Richard**. Reed then apologized for "not citing my sources, including the article in Commentary," but insisted that his column "was the culmination of two months of exhaustive research." To

simply otherwise in the most shocking, profane form of personal attack I can imagine."

Nevertheless, the paper's editors canceled "Mr. Reed's column will no longer appear in *The Red and Black*."

"All these letters came in congratulating us for getting rid of him," says **Russell Nye**, who was then a photographer for the paper, "not because of the plagiarism but because people hated his column. He was this sort of creepy, nerdy guy who was always writing about things like blissing some student group for showing a film that he thought was inappropriate."

Reed's office says that he has put the ugly incident behind him. Amen?

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dick on the Lam

ONCE PRESIDENTIAL hopeful **Richard** may have taken the phrase "Tall darkness" a little too far during the campaign.

The former governor of Colorado, who in July announced his rather questionable plans to seek the presidential nomination of **Ross Perot's** Reform party, was recently photographed in the buff by *Time* magazine.

"It was inadvertent on the part of the photographer and Governor Lamm," says a picture editor for the magazine. "It was a matter of framing."

But a source who saw the picture—taken in the locker room of a health club and reminiscent of the infamous **Warner Bros.** shower photos several years ago—has a different artistic interpretation. "He was back naked and looked like he was engaging for the camera," says the source.

Lamm's office did not respond to requests for comment.

Sadly, the picture editor insists the image was destroyed. "It's not something that we're interested in."



Lamm: Let the buff fly.

Herrera for Men



Dillard's

Carolina Herrera

New York

GARDEN CHANGES

I Know Why the Caged Poet Sank

RICHARD O'DONELL CAN MEET a little easier. **Patricia** (aka **Maya Angelou**) is out of the picture. All in the family producer **Norman Lear** had been trying to create a talk show, tentatively titled **Maya Angelou's America** for **Bill Clinton's** former poet and had

poned more than a million into the project, says a source, before he recently shelved it.

Angelou didn't return phone calls. Lear's office confirmed that the show was scrapped but would not



Maya Angelou

comment further.

"It was a bit of a debacle," says the source. "Maya didn't want to chop up her work, and a poetry reading just isn't going to do it during sweeps weeks."

Reality Check

PRIMARY COUTURIERS

O What a Tangled Dress We Weave



Old Gossard serves as character foil.

WHILE OTTOMANIC ALL strategy in *Charlie Rose* last summer, the once anonymous *Joe Klein* declared he had written two books

other than *Primary Colors*. In fact, Klein has written two other books. In addition to *Windy City*, *A Life and Peck*, a nonfiction account of

the Vietnam veterans, Klein was the—what else?—anonymous ghostwriter for *My Own Father*, a 1991 autobiographical story of *Wing Gossard*, the designer best known for out-fitting *Jeopardy!* contestants. And as with *Primary Colors*, Klein omitted his name; he left off

The parallels between the two books are so obvious that it wouldn't take Professor *Gossard* further to note them. *Primary Colors* is about a short dress, and *My Own Father* is about a short skirt, each is a portrait of an egotistical man overly concerned with appearance, and both men want to dress or undress women in the White House.

"Absolutely I wrote it," says Klein. "I didn't put my name on it—that was mutually agreed on [with Clinton]. It got great reviews and sank without a trace. No one has ever asked me about it since then."

SCOUTING

And My Press Secretary, Murray Slaughter...

UNUSUAL *Redburn* a crusade against the media may be a case of "if you can't join 'em, beat 'em."

The conservative senator from Minnesota, who is heading up the Republican Presidential Task Force Select Committee on the National News Media, recently sent around a "scientific survey" to assess "the relations and Republican crusade by the liberals in the media."

Along with the quiz returned, Gossard sent a scathing attack on journalists for whom, he says,

"being fashionably liberal is the ticket to fame and success." He bolsters his credibility by saying,

"I've been in the news business since the 1950s. I gave up my career to run for the United States Senate."

But in truth, the decision to leave was not his. Gossard was very publicly pushed out of his last journal-

ism job, as an anchor for KMSB-TV in Minneapolis.

In the past, Gossard has been at odds with his own press secretary and *Redburn*, the empty-headed Minneapolis spokeswoman from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, but has also admitted, "I am maybe not the deepest thinker there ever was." Maybe?



Gossard sending a message to the media.

POSTAGE

A Little Mail Bonding

WHEN IT COMES TO, positively has to be there, overnight, the federal government sometimes turns to the private sector. The United States Postal Service has spent millions trying to persuade consumers to use its Express Mail service rather than the more expensive commercial overnight services such as Federal Express.

So when one lawyer took an interest in administrative judging, it seemed a bit peculiar that he got his results via FedEx. He was even more surprised to discover that the U.S. government has an account with the carrier.

"The government controls the post office, but when it wants to mail something important, it turns elsewhere," says the applicant. "It doesn't make sense. This isn't even a priority material that had to get to me the next day."

A spokesman for FedEx confirmed that the government has been a client for several years. "They have just renewed their contract, and while I'm not at liberty to disclose the volume, they are a very large account," he says. Asked if he saw any irony in the situation, he answered rubly. "Not necessarily. We're a better service."

That's smart—get those postal workers even more disgruntled.



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macy's

Reality Check

CONNECTIONS

Follow the Moaning

John Dean's BEST-SELLING 1987 book, *Blind Ambition*, gave the nation a detailed insider's account of Watergate. Now someone has come forward claiming that the book is peppered with inaccuracies. John Dean himself.

Why would Dean write something if it's not true? He didn't, he says. His coauthor, Pulitzer prize-

winning writer **Hyman Branch**, did. Dean says he was sick in bed and couldn't make corrections, when he tried, he says, his wife wouldn't let him because he got ink stains on the sheets.

These assertions emerged during a deposition earlier this year after Dean sued the authors of the waddly discredited *Watergate*

book *Silent Coup* in *Silent Coup*. Dean is portrayed as a mastermind in the Watergate break-in and cover-up. The book also links Dean's wife, Maureen, to a prostitution ring.

During depositions, Dean, now an investment banker, contradicted informa-



Dean: What did he know?

tion in his own book about how early the

White House knew about the Watergate burglary. While Branch admits that *Blind Ambition* contains some "major discrepancies," he stands by the accuracy of the book. Maybe **Rosa Mary Woods** had a hand in the editing.

IMAGE PROBLEMS

Copyrights and Wrongs

THE PUBLIC RELATIONS Society of America might be in for some bad PR. The group, which is billed as the "guardian of ethics in the public relations business," is fighting with a group of writers and publishers who say their work was used by the organization without permission. The dispute stems from the PRSA's "information package," which included photocopies of copyrighted articles from such publications as *The New York Times* and *USA Today* and was offered to its members for twenty dollars and to nonmembers for fifty-eight dollars.

An official at PRSA insists that the organization was acting within "fair use" laws and didn't make any money from the articles.

"This is clearly copyrighted stuff, but they have never received permission or paid a red cent to the authors," says **Jack D'Agostino**, whose newsletter was among the reproduced articles. "We're prepared to go to litigation."

BITTERNESS

If You Can't Say Something Nice . . .

YOU'D THINK THAT MOST WRITERS WOULD BE A LITTLE MORE GRATEFUL JUST TO BE PUBLISHED, but not according to the *Authors Guild* survey released earlier this year. The *Publishers Report Card*, which is based on thirteen hundred guild members' responses over the last six years, sums up all the major publishing houses in categories such as contract negotiation, editing and acceptance, marketing and promotion, and payment. **Warner Books** and **Henry Holt** received the highest marks. (All respondents said they would work with these houses again.) At the bottom of the pile were **McGraw-Hill**, **Little, Brown** (59 out of 5 in presentation—ouch), and **Penguin**.

The survey also included some unannounced Zelig-style comments from the authors. **Barbara Gribble**: "Find a good editor and watch your back." **Gregg**: "Don't publish with them unless you get a huge advance—which would guarantee their commitment to the book." **Quentin**: "Understand chaos theory." **James S. Schmitz**: "This is a corporation, a business, with little regard for its authors as human beings. Go elsewhere."



Kind editor to judge Gregg Meigs: Correct!

LANOUAGE

General Powell's Choice Words

General Powell is CELEBRATING around that he became a four-star general but not that he uses four-letter words. Powell—who once stumbled before the Senate that writer **Bob Woodward** had access to information about him because he is a "friend"—was upset that Woodward quoted him in *The Choice* using the F-word.

"I hate this fucking profession," Powell complains in *The Choice* about book writing. "You're never fucking done." Sources say that the legendary Washington Post reporter—perhaps eager to establish his independence from his so-called friend—has been telling colleagues about Powell's diatribes.

"I don't know who told you that, but I would challenge your source," says Powell's spokeswoman, though he refuses to deny the story. Woodward, for his part, says, "I have heard that Powell is upset, but I'm not going to slander someone's language."

Not even **Sam Donald** is a



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Speed racer: The author with Saab's limited-edition modified Mustang.

CASE PHIL FATTON

Mustang plus Muscles

STIVE HALLER TAGS garden-surrey Ford Mustangs and cruises them into street rods. But not very many of them. His motto is unashamed: "Power is in the hands of a few." Not long ago, we decided to join those few behind the wheel.

Since 1974, the Koenig race car dealer has produced only thirty-five hundred of these babies. Sales's current offerings began at a remarkably low \$20,000 for a four-cylinder and range up to \$50,000 for a supercharged eight. The overpurchaser of the new Speedster convertible boasts the output of the 70-cubic-inch Solera engine to allow horses

Safety takes most of the Mustang's inward cut, along with significant weight. He adds superchargers, specially rebulked engines, and new suspensions and transmissions reshapes the bodies and adds instrumentation panels with speedometers that reach two hundred miles per hour.

Limited-edition masterpieces
 items, such as Solera 1917 for

West Coast and Hoover Callaway on the East, are reclaiming a piece of American auto-performance thought long gone: that of the street-legal race car. Callaway's demurely titled "SuperNatural" Corvettes are gassed up (impala 55's are cool and conservative because

That there is little that's socially redeeming about these vehicles is argued by the stiff gas-guzzler tax they carry, then there is much that's personally redeeming, as suggested by time in a Volvo's leisure-driver's seat, as we discussed when we drove a

The g forces reduced during the four brief seconds

It took me 10 years to realize that the most obvious of the sensations the car produced. On the quiet back road where we drive the Solero, we learned that muscle today is rare, as in the

NFL means not just speed, but quietness and more. These the Solers provided plenty thanks to suspensions built around race car struts, which let you dip and doodle, yoke and jog happily. On the country blacktop, once you've made your

Saleen's cuts look different, too, with blacked-out taillights and headlights that lend the vehicles a look like the *Charlie's Angels* mascot's

And they have the refined
grace of racers, not muscle.

care. The brakes behind the body-colored engine-catch wheels are fully a match for the engine—sure as the gap, steady in their modulation.

The only danger is of overreaction. Saloons have become so well known that six were offered as prizes in a recent McDonald's contest.

Pop's Hops

[illegible]

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Art attack: Bonito del Toro in Abel Ferrara's *The Funeral*; below, Timothy Spall and Phyllis Logan in Mike Leitt's *Secrets & Lies*

DOI: 10.1002/for

The Fall of Our Content

THE ART-FILM BUSINESS has become more about filling the cave-
lone than making a

Like most independent film companies are now low-overhead divisions of Hollywood studios that are trying to turn small films into box office hits. One company, however, October Films, has not caved in to the multiplex mentality sweeping through the art film ghetto.

The New York-based distributor, which will release a dozen films that you were warned with maverick intentions five years ago by *Boyz n the City* and Jeff Lipsky (now a director) in Lipsky's living room, its business plan became more focused with the addition of John Schomburg and Annie Mahan as partners, but the attitude remains the same: "We try to work on pictures that are not about greediness and the enclosed

But being edgy is risky. October Prime hasn't had a crossover hit, like Miramax's *Pulp Fiction* or *Genosity's* *Boyz n the City*. And *Primal* or

enjoyed the Oscar-bagging nights of *Savvy Pictures Classics*, though its successes are noteworthy: the Clinton-campaign documentary *The War Room*, the French film *Tout le monde parle* and the Linda Fiorentino no-nukes *The Last Seduction*. During the next few minutes, the company will release its most anticipated

First up will be Mike Leigh's *Secrets & Lies*, winner of the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival, and the opening night selection at the New York Film Festival.

General on the relationship between a white Englishwoman and the half-black daughter she gave away twenty-seven years earlier: the film is a more cerebral, less chaotic character study than the director's highly regarded *Lulu* (*Sweet and Sour*). Also due out this month is Abel Ferrara's *The Fear* of a grimy emotional tale of murder set in New York during the Depression, starring Christopher Walken, Annabella Sciorra, Chris Penn, Benicio Del Toro and Imelda Staunton.

Coming in November are *Late June* (Tim's first film), *The Winner* (a mental and emotional love story about a young Scottish girl and a wealthy oil tycoon that won the Grand prize at Cannes), and *Inside Fiverston* (a study on women in sexual crisis). But the most anticipated film is the company's history told in David Lynch's *Lost Highway* (it's due out early next year).

October outlined two studies for the U.S. market.



Based on the true story of two men-riding lions that halted construction of a British railroad in Africa in 1904, *The Elephant and the Gardener* (Paranorm) stars Michael Douglas as a big-game hunter called in to help engineer Val Kilmer. Screenwriter William Goldman declares, "I've only seen across two great pieces of factual material in my life. One of them was *British Cemetery* and the *Sundance Kid*, and the other is this."

to *Lost Highway*. The story, according to the incomprehensible description in the poster, is about a "psychotic fugitive" about a man (Bill Pullman) who goes into a parallel interior world inhabited by his alter ego (Balthazar Getty) and must contend with the more potent of two women (both played by Patricia Arquette). The reported \$10 million paid for the unfinished film and its promotion costs shows that the downtown company is sticking to those unown-

of leaves beneath my feet, the bristly-brother of the brass rugosa. "Drink or break," we shout at the Masters of the

Mason, thinking high of Spartans and Elger Dile and low of candy corn, gum, and, worse yet, running. On the ball, a

It's not so much
the "Chat Room" as it is
the sitting-home-alone-
by-yourself part
that concerns us.



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OUR KIND OF GUY

Stanley Tucci

HIS FAVORITE BEING sequenced with *Truly, Madly, Deeply* in July. He's usually performed CPGs on *Letterman*, and he's never made a reminder of *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. He created memorable mayhem as the hilarious headliner *Martin in the Morning* show, which has won (as fingered) through *Do the Deed* and used a captivating career in *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* and the *Movie*. Stanley Tucci has earned the sobriquet "actor's actor," a pro much admired by his colleagues but largely unrecognized by general audiences. Until now. On his screen's *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* (he's been married again with his portrayal of the desirable, double-crossing Richard Cross, a character so dangerously amoral that, frankly, we were sorry to see him die. But the big news now is *Big Night*, the film Tucci cowrote and costarred in, in which he costs "I started writing it about eight years ago," says the scotch-tinted and somewhat shrewd 40-year-old. "Then I talked to my cousin Joseph DiNapoli about writing it with me." For the story of two Italian immigrant brothers (Tucci and Wray) who Tucci (Shelton) struggling to save their failing restaurant business in New Jersey in the 1930s, Tucci and his cousin draw on their family—and, naturally, heritage. The result, which surprised and seduced both audiences and critics in this year's Sundance Film Festival and clinched Tucci and Tucci was the jury prize for screen writing, is a small gem. *Big Night* made him a big deal. "It didn't hurt, that's for sure," he says. —*STEPHEN SODER*



For Cigar News and Photos, visit <http://cigarsworld.com> or the Havana



"It was the Havana of famous writers, silver daiquiris and Partagas' cigars."

In an era when Havana was where the whole world wanted to be, Ramon Gilestro never wanted to be anywhere else. "Havana was a happy city," says Ramon. "And Partagas was its favorite cigar." Yet today, more than three decades after Ramon fled to the Dominican Republic, his Partagas cigars are flourishing more than ever. After all, they are the only cigars that are still made by the same man who made them long ago in Havana. And that is why every Partagas has the authentic taste of a golden age gone by.



The cigar that knew Cuba when.



Mr. Cigars is back, the good stuff of the north, a white-haired John Deere. "Would you like some help?" he

Which Harry Are You?



Newton High:
Harry Cipriani
in New York.

THEY HE WAS FILLING upon the door of Harry's bar and was made and he had made a sign, and with at home." Hemingway wrote that in his 1930 novel *Across the River and into the Trees* about his favorite watering hole in all the world. The question is, which Harry? The number of Harry's Bars around the globe is a frustrating reminder that you can read a man's name and live off his reputation, especially if Hemingway inadvertently gave you the ammunition.

To see the record straight: The first Harry's Bar was in Paris—Harry's New York Bar (5 Rue Dussane, 55-56-57-58-59-60), so called because it served cocktails and had a stand-up bar shipped piece by piece from New York in 1926 by Harry MacElhone. The Bloody Mary, the sidecar, and the blue lagoon were created here, but the only thing worth noting here is the last dog, and even that's no great duh-du. Hemingway drank at Harry's in the '30s and said he got the courage to write *A Farewell to Arms* of

to be chased a welterweight and his pet lion out into the street here. The current owners of the Paris Harry's also have branches in Berlin, Hannover, and Montreux.

In 1929, Giuseppe Cipriani, a bartender at Venice's Hotel Europa, lost one thousand lire to a huckster. American gambler named Harry Polking, who returned two years later to stake Cipriani to open *Harry's Bar* (105 Calle Milanesa, 30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100), so called because it served cocktails and had a stand-up bar shipped piece by piece from New York in 1926 by Harry MacElhone. The Bloody Mary, the sidecar, and the blue lagoon were created here, but the only thing worth noting here is the last dog, and even that's no great duh-du. Hemingway drank at Harry's in the '30s and said he got the courage to write *A Farewell to Arms* of

New York's Sherry Netherland hotel, called *Harry's Bar* (151 Fifth Avenue, 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100), complete with the same low tables and chairs, the same menu, and a remarkable number of older men who come with what appear to be their very pretty European misters. The Cipriani family just opened another or outpost, called Downs town, in New York's SoHo, and by the time you read this, Arroyo's son, Giuseppe, will have opened a Harry Cipriani in Buenos Aires.

And there are a lot more Harry's Bars that don't have Cipriani's permission. A former captain of the Venetian Harry's opened a near replica in Florence and eventually lost the name to a Harry's Bar in Los Angeles. Most while, another, unrelated Harry's opened in Rome on the Via Veneto, and there are at least four restaurants or so born off Harry's in New York. None of them have anything to do with Poppy's old business. You find everything on earth at Harry's, be once and—just as long as you find the right one.

Ask Esky

Q: How do I get a good table at a restaurant?

A: "Make reservations," says Brian McCaffrey, owner of New York's 66, Infatuation, and the late, lamented 130 Westies. "You can't rely on tipping, because it doesn't always work. At 66, we don't allow tipping on the way in. You wait up only after the meal, because otherwise you'll have the tables if sitting tables."

"The key is to pick a few places and go regularly. Let the staff of the restaurant get to know you as a regular, and you will start to get preferential service. You should also take care of the tables if and when you. Be pleasant and agreeable. Make friends. When the time comes and you are in a jam, the restaurant will try to be more for reasons they have to a steady customer."

"Empirement and rule behavior may work once," says McCaffrey. "If you make a mess, they may send you to sleep you up. But that kind of staff generally works against you."

What about when an inevitable last-minute emergency comes up and you need a table? "Well, you can contact with the staff," suggests McCaffrey. "It is really to you in here!" Instead, walking away, sorry, and you might make reservations, say that. Beg for mercy. Most restaurants don't want to run special occasions and would help you out if possible. If you can be, which may work, but don't say it's a last-minute walking emergency disaster and have two people in their tables down."

"In the end, it all comes down to being a regular. Let's face it. If it's Saturday afternoon and you're calling for a table that night, it's not going to happen. Unless you're a regular. And you're not so Oscar, really. Restaurant people go that."

CABLE & Co.
The Art of Movement

MACYS • DUBLIN'S • BLOOMINGDALES

BY SAM PHILLIPS



BIG COSTUME: Beware—one of your Halloween-party throwing friends might actually meet an onscreen this year. That's a scary thought. Sure, the list on screens of mayhem are always fun as your flying-monkey-from-Oz group, but then you spend the rest of the night trying to keep that paper maché wing from falling off comely. Try to avoid this year's obvious choices: the scary alien from *Independence Day*, either presidential candidate, the much-leathered Larry rose out from the Olympics (shown right) and, for the second year in a row, the easy-to-impress Unabomber (Oh, rather, his police sketch—all you need is a hood, cheesy aviator shades, and a feisty mustache.) For an easy, inconspicuous last-minute costume, wear all black clothes and attach one end of a fishing line to the doorknob as you arrive at the party. Let the line gradually unspool as you move around the room. When stunned and irritated guests demand to know what your costume is, explain: "You are a spider."

BIG CUBED: Produced anonymously in San Francisco, *Shogun* is a double-sided cardboard case in which to eat. It's decorated with different designs: a tree, a house, and a black cat. The case is made of cardboard and is a main-keeping device who takes humans from city to city in search of an escaped old friend. Once the house starts burning, and it is in the production, P.O. Box 645094, San Francisco, California 94164.



BIG KNOCKOUT: Muhammad Ali, Mike Tyson, and Julio Cesar Chavez are just a few of the legends who shadow-boxed in one famously gritty sporting act: the (now defunct) Times Square Gym. As a time when boxing's rap is lower than a kid's punch, Time Publishing's handsome new coffee-table book about the faded gym is a clear winner: punchbook. John Goodman provides black-and-white photos both nasty and dramatic from the gym's final eighteen months, and Peter Hamill provides the historical context, recognizing the grim realities of a "sport" where young athletes still turn to an escape route.

BIG NEWS: Digital cameras, which store images electronically for printing or downloading, may never catch on, especially if the astronomical costs don't start lowering. At least one new series looks cool, even if it begins at \$4,000 for a 40MB model. Looking to the naked eye like a vintage record with a heavy pair of headphones, the Polaroid P50-500 (shown) is the first digital image-capturing lens the company has known for instant print gratification.

BIG REDUX: October 1996 will feel like 1991 all over again as '90s music magazines hit. *INXS*, Madonna, and (against all odds) Phil Collins each release new albums. Thankfully, Peter Dinklage and Bruce Hornsby seem to be lying low (for the moment).

KOOL



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

See KOOL 100 mg. tar/1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

up tonight back and forth over this heavenly lamp while in flames. Mrs. Gingers smiles and pulls herself back

The Missing Link

American sausage, it's as fatty as stoned! American hamburger. Federal law says sausage can't be more

than 30 percent fat, and most commercial companies get as close to that as possible. Find a local butcher who makes his own sausage. (Look in the yellow pages for one with an Italian name.) Ask about fat content: It should be less than 30 percent. Ask about possible flavorings and possible meats. There's no law that says all sausage has to be pork. A butcher who makes sausage will usually make any recipe you find in any cookbook. Or consider getting sausage shipped to you from my favorite butchers, D'Angelo Brothers in Philadelphia (909 South Ninth

Just because you can stuff anything into a sausage.

Street, 215-573-5077). This shop, founded by the grandfather of Sonny and Anthony D'Angelo, made standard Italian sausage till Sonny went to Paris on his honeymoon twenty-four years ago and discovered charismatic Sonny began making his own sausages as soon as he returned—all natural. No nitrates or nitrites. In natural skins. Over the years, Sonny has gathered recipes from a Cherokee shaman (venison sausage with sauerkraut, goldenrod, chives, and cayenne) and a Mexican diplomat (hot, spicy lamb sausage in lamb intestine). Besides that, there is Cajun sausage, French boudin blanc and blood sausage, as well as wild boar with figs and cherries, pork with orange rind and Parmesan cheese, Sicilian pork with marjoram and provolone, salmon, shrimp, and even vegetarian sausages, available in beef, lamb or vegetable protein casings. Anthony developed a low-fat cholesterol-buster turkey sausage, "the only turkey sausage I know of," says Sonny, "that's made of breast, not leg."

What we need is an organization called People for Anatomically Treating Pansa and Other Eatables (PATPOE for short) to halt our national habit of grinding perfectly edible cows into fatty tasteless patties that are then burned black outside, left raw inside, topped with ugly chemical condiments, and served bleeding into sugary buns. Carnivorous people have to eat this stuff! Carnivorous people have as much right to exist as any other species! They have made important contributions to our planet! Beethoven was a carnivore, as were Einstein, Picasso, Lucinda Moss, and Martin Luther King Jr., to name just a few. It's inhuman to turn our carnivores—even if, through a mere accident of biology, they happen to be human beings instead of reindeer or killer whales.

Roastie before you summer: to improve your barbecue in these important ways: (1) clean the grill, (2) use real charcoal instead of plastic-wrapped wood dust, (3) use sausage instead of hamburger.

Of course, you can't use standard

American sausage, it's as fatty as stoned! American hamburger. Federal law says sausage can't be more than 30 percent fat, and most commercial companies get as close to that as possible. Find a local butcher who makes his own sausage. (Look in the yellow pages for one with an Italian name.) Ask about fat content: It should be less than 30 percent. Ask about possible flavorings and possible meats. There's no law that says all sausage has to be pork. A butcher who makes sausage will usually make any recipe you find in any cookbook. Or consider getting sausage shipped to you from my favorite butchers, D'Angelo Brothers in Philadelphia (909 South Ninth

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To cook sausage on your grill, prick the skin with a fork to let the fat out. Put it on a big square of aluminum foil. Pull up the sides of the foil. Add half a cup of water. Close the foil. Steam the sausage for fifteen minutes. Then remove it and brown it on the grill. You do not have to cook sausage; even pork sausage, till it's dry and gray. Trichinosis has been unknown in the U.S. for years.

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Spring Spring, NY



Small, square, textured object, possibly a piece of fabric or a small sculpture, with a rough, granular surface.

Ermenegildo Zegna
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CASA, ROMA
1743 444 3334
Santaluz, Sicilia
13321 247 8887
Bell, Baroque, Florida
1385 898 8311
Rome, Italia, 10001
Spring Spring, NY

Ermenegildo Zegna





The Defense Department
would charge you,
oh, five billion bucks.

THE SHARPER IMAGE



The new *SR-71* brightest laser pointer features all the technology of, say, the SR-71 Blackbird spy plane (okay, well most of it) in a fraction of the cost. Its crimson beam is sharp and tight up to 100 yards. Good news for that next big marketing presentation in the New Orleans Superdome. Just 5 1/8 inches long, with a handsome platinum color finish. One power, a responsible \$199. To order: 1-800-344-4444 Shar.D or www.sharperimage.com

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Answer:
your face and the bullet train.
What's the question?

THE
SHARPER
IMAGE





The Male Animal

TO YOUR HEALTH: HOW TO STAY FIT, SAME, AND ON TOP OF YOUR GAME. EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC



Put it in a trap station, our senior marksman brandishes an over-the-shoulder under the sharp eye of Dave Stohs. Opposite, a professor of clay systems and spent shell casings.



TRIOOT

What a Blast!

IN THREE EASY motions, Jim Crockett unclips the forearm and mock from his Holland 4x Holland side-by-side, dangles the barrel, and pings it with a fingertip. The blast and ring finally hit a wind chime. "That's a good gun," says Dave Stohs. A shooting master with the voice of Charles Kuralt, Dave opens thirteen years buying shotguns for Orvis, so one pretenses his awe is well-founded.

It's come to Sanderson's Orvis's three-hundred-acre shooting club in upstate New York, to learn the noisier and least remembered of noble pastimes. While announcements like caviar smoking and golf are overrun with new fine arts, shotgun shooting remains a true gentleman's pursuit. The best guns are bespoke and as finely tuned as watchworks. For today's pleasure, Dave fits me out with an off-the-neck over-under with oiled walnut mock and Italian barrel. It's a fairly humble model only 440g.

Yes, a retired lawyer and avid gun collector, he's brought his daughter Betty, who, like me, is a first timer. Dave gives us the ground rules. Always carry the gun open. Don't point it at anybody. Don't shoot at anybody. And that's it. Like all aristocratic diversions, this one's not particularly taxing.

At its best, shotgunning is about skill, poise, and the simple joy of blowing things up. Naturally, it's been organized. Today, Dave is instructing us in sporting clays, a variation on shoot emadored from European country

years ago. The idea is to shoot a variety of moving targets in a variety of settings. Add up your hits, and that's your score. "It's like golf with a shotgun," Dave says.

We tramp into Sanderson's forest of oak and maple, along a meandering apple-and-cherry. At the first trap station, Dave loads my gun and shows me how the clays will fly from the hidden launching machine. I grip the gun hard against my shoulder and call, "Pull!" The orange disk runs, flinching away, and I fire. Wham—the gun slaps me in the chest and, lo, the best twists off into three pieces.

Despite its measure—the shotgun, Jim points out, is "the most effective close-in man-killer ever devised"—the sport is kind to beginners. You don't aim, you swing the barrel to the target and fire in one motion. As with Zen archery, the act must be accomplished without contemplation.

Inevitably, you start to think too much. At the second station, I barely break even, and at the third the target's white by uncolored, left in a row I understand Dave's golf analogy. I'm ready to throw my iron in the lake.

But then, the sun is warm, and the smell of our guns wafts up from the clubhouse lawn, and it's hard to care too much. On our final stand, the trapper sends pairs of clays whizzing from left to right, a bird, among high, and a rabbit, bounding through the grass. At last, I hit the zone. The hard polycarbonate

is in daylight, and a heartbeat later the whole explodes, diving for a beer-mock.

"In the field, you just have to go bang," says Zen warden Dave. —Jane Wills

Orvis has shooting schools in Manchester, Vermont; Millbrook, New York; and Tallahassee, Florida. A daylong lesson costs \$499. For schedules and other information, call Orvis at 800-235-0760.

SHOOTING

OCTOBER 1989 • ESQUIRE • 55

Burn Fat Faster

BURNING CALORIES isn't the same as burning fat. In fact, only one out of four calories you burn is aerobic exercise. In fact, you're burning blood sugar. However, a new study suggests that it's possible to increase the proportion of fat calories you burn by up to nine times.

At Laval University in Quebec, researchers led by Angèle Tremblay compared

fat loss in two groups exercising on stationary bikes. One group pedaled moderately four or five times a week for forty-five minutes. The second group did the same once or twice a week, but in three other sessions they interspersed thirty to ninety-second intervals of high-intensity cycling with low-intensity rest periods. Although the interval training subjects burned fewer than half the total calories burned by the

first group, they lost more fat.

The finding seems to defy the prevailing theory that during intense exertion, your body burns blood-glucose reserves rather than fat, which is less readily available. Tremblay speculates that high-intensity exercise suppresses the absorption of new calories, forcing the body to use fat stores for "extra" energy. It is in this "afterburn," he believes, that fat loss is accelerated. High-intensity exercise may also speed the metabolism more than moderate exercise.

Interval training can be adapted to many aerobic activities. Richard Barreza,

head trainer at New York's Equinox Fitness Club, suggests the following regimen:

- Warm up for a few minutes, then increase your exertion to bring your pulse up to 90 percent of your maximum heart rate (220 beats per minute, minus your age)—or until you're breathing too hard to talk. Maintain this pace for up to ninety seconds.

- Return to a low-intensity pace until your pulse drops to 60 percent of your maximum heart rate—or until you can talk without gasping. Repeat the cycle for up to forty minutes.

—COLIN STRAHAN

20/40/60 ANDREW O'HAIKIVSKY

A Mind Is a Terrible Thing

HEALTH WATCH

When you're thirty, your brain weighs as much as the average cantaloupe—a mere three pounds—but uses up to 20 percent of the energy you take in, more than any other organ in your body.

SCIENCE TODAY

Loosing your mind? It's actually your hippocampus, a ridge of tissue deep in the brain that helps convert short-term thoughts to long-term memories. In your thirties, you start losing neurons here, and by old age, a third of them will be missing.

LOSE YOUR AGE?

Everyday memory—what you heard us the radio during your morning commute or the names of people you've just met—begins to decline. The good news is you won't notice (unless you're tested for it).

STAY COOL IN SUMMER

Intense heat stimulates may increase your brain's cellular growth by as much as 30 percent, boosting blood and oxygen supplies. So hang around smart people, as better yet, marry one. Studies show that spouses who are similar share their rates of marriage maintenance or increase their brainpower as they age.

Men's brains are about 10 percent larger than women's, but by forty-five you have lost as many brain cells from your frontal lobe—the area responsible for complex thought—that it has shrunk to the size of a woman's.

Going blind? Some of it is in your head: The brain's occipital cortex, which helps you discern shapes and colors, sees a 50 percent decrease in cell density, most of this loss occurring before your forty-fifth birthday.

If you're introduced to fourteen people during the course of an evening, you'll remember only eleven of their names by night's end. In your twenties, you'd have been able to recall thirteen of them.

An eight-letter word for "idle"? By now, you'll know—what with three times the vocabulary you had in your twenties. In fact, the Sunday crossword research suggests it can help your brain develop the nerve junctions, which pass along information and keep your mind sharp.

If you graduated a mere 80 score of 160 in college, chances are you'll score only 90 now. It gets worse: From your thirties on, your brain will lose 2 percent of its weight each decade. It will also get wetter and start to shrink away from your skull.

All thumbs? The cerebellum, a structure in the back of the brain that governs motor control, begins to lose cells rapidly. You may notice a sudden drop in coordination later on.

Synaptic memory (your ability to place an event or remember where you were when it happened) begins to slip—sure makes sense why the 1960s are a little hazy to you now.

Exercise for your body and your mind. Sedentary men over fifty-five who were placed on a three-times-a-week exercise program showed significant improvement in mental speed within four months. By sixty, you'll have four times the overall knowledge you had during your college years.

On a New Roll

A whole generation of formerly gliding businessmen has become accustomed to rolling through life on skates that look like scumming the Foreigner back-engineered from the wreckage of a TPO. But as elegantly sculpted as they are, there's an inherent reason for in-line boots to be made of heavy, hot, and inflexible injection-molded plastic. Which is why, if your old skates have lost their otherworldly glow, you may gravitate toward ICE's brand-new self-heal models.

ICE's patented Eshbach design is the first to fully enclose the crucial cuff that supports your ankle, crumpling it within a leather-and-nylon upper. The result is a lighter, lower cut, more supple boot that looks and feels like an especially snugly built-up athletic shoe. The boot still stabilizes your ankles internally, but it permits more forward lean for when you're really digging into the road.



It's a Eshbach model, the Revolution. Men's skates will run you about \$450.

How to Reframe Your Face

YOU ARE NOT your glasses. Sure, the longer you look through them, the more you look like them: Barry Goldwater could never convincingly replace his black-rimmed aviators; Philip Johnson with contacts instead of his trademark black architect glasses is unthinkable.

But picking what opticians euphemize as "eyewear" is a delicate exercise. It's about who you want to be. Glasses are not just a means to see but a means to be seen.

Behind every man's choice of glasses lies the wish that they weren't there at all. Traditionally, they've been a symbol of weakness: "Four-eyes"—the sickness of

playground and bathroom taunts—says it all. JFK carefully avoided being photographed with glasses.

So begin by admitting they are there. Don't think of glasses as a prosthetic device, an *ersatz* and inadequate extension of your identity, but as a tool, a piece of equipment like a watch. Your physiognomy—

your face shape and coloration—is less important than other aspects of style. Reflect your personality, not your hairline.

But think carefully about the subtle messages and overtones that your choice carry with them. They come with subliminal associations: Herwarth, three basic looks and their sociology.



The Black Horn-Rim Genre

Danger: Suggestion of junior-high ill will.

Advantage: Suggestion of former junior-high

All need worth three quarters of a billion after his software start-up's IPO.

The next three glasses out there.

Precedents: Phil Spector, early Woody Allen, late Rocky Boly.

Current example: Carefully proportioned do-gooder mode—like a new-black Chevy Blazer beside the original panel van.



The Minimalist Wire Look

Danger: Looking best in the 1930s.

Advantage: Simple and noncommittal; can be almost invisible.

Precedents: The Presidents Roosevelt, Leon Trotsky, John Lennon, George Will.

Current example: Colored titanium arms, called links. Titanium paper light and indestructible. Titanium moves beyond chameleon, which itself replaced steel wire.



The Modernized Maelstrom Mode

Danger: Suggestiveness of British National Health Service and of social clumps by any means necessary, which could waste life, say, your prospective municipal-land customers.

Advantage: Technical and so-messy. **Precedents:** Winston X, Michael Douglas as the Bernhard Goetz-like character in *Falling Down*.

Current example: Maelstrom reinterpreted as it by BMW engineers.

AFTLATIONS

Drop a Stitch

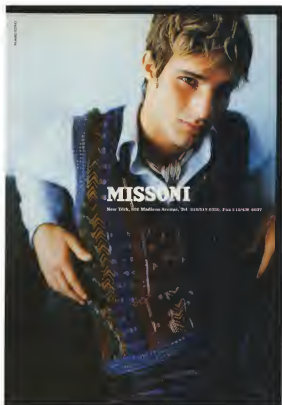
Without warning, a knife slices seductively between your ribs and sticks there. Once again, a stitch has sabotaged your jet, derailing your single-minded pursuit of endorphin euphoria.

Oddly, we are's pinned down what gets us in stitches. The best guess is that they're muscle spasms or cramps brought on by a momentary tamponade in blood flow to the diaphragm, leading to an oxygen deficit in the muscle. Another theory attributes them to pockets of trapped gas from your last meal. You remember your old coach demanding that you get it out: "Run through it, kid. Shake it off." But, it turns out, according to clinical research presented to the American

College of Sports Medicine, the following countermeasures offer the worst relief:

- Bend forward while tightening your ribs.
- Breathe deeply and exhale slowly.
- Tighten your belt or pull fingers into the stitch.
- Ease your arms to stretch your ribs and diaphragm.

See what works for you. And if you seem to get stitches more frequently after meals, figure you need to give yourself more time before you're up and running again.



I'm So Happy for You

HIGH SCORN OVER the Serengeti. A herd of primates forges for food, scorns to the ground, sniffing. Suddenly, one of the apes pulls himself up on his haunches, shifts his weight awkwardly, and, with a grunt, stands on his hind legs. He lurches slightly, steadies himself, then stands erect, triumphant, watching the others watch him.

"Who the hell does he think he's?" they mutter—and try to pull him down.

Jealousy is natural, compared with the midlife, ripe no poison-of-the-spirit that is envy. Jealousy is "I want what you have." Envy is "I not only want what you have, but I want to destroy it so you can't have it." The jagged shards of envy disassemble us from within, like the creature that bursts out of John Farn's belly in *Alien*. We're eaten up by it.

Early in my career, a fellow cartoonist called to congratulate after the *Pulitzer* were announced. "If I don't win it soon," he said, "I'll be known as the Pulitzer-praising cartoonist."

"Relax, man," I said. "You'll win it." "Be well you," he blazed, "but I want to be famous you too!" Such naked rivalry gave me pause, and I thought, "I want you, too—so we can still be friends." And he did.

Years later, I won it, too, and learned the lesson of the upright ape. Oh, the well-wishers were abundant—but you don't forget the others. A competitor sent my editor a letter accusing me of

plagiarism. Predictably, my answer was a courteous plagiarism himself. Still, having been defamed myself, I depended the *Pulitzer* nomination, and, of course, that was the point.

It's said that Alexander the Great, arriving at a battle site, discovered that the enemy commander had been slain. "Who did this?" demanded the Macedonian. Because that privilege was customarily left to him, nobody would even up to the dead. "Pray, step forward and be recognized," he parried.

"Whoever did this shall be named up and ennobled before all my men," returned, the respectable party stepped forth. Alexander promptly ordered a spear raised up the proud fellow's ass.

After Joe Klein was anointed as an Aspy, remark, the author of *Primetime Live* I taught a writh of guests in the otherwise serious debate over journalistic ethics. As Klein, too, learned, when we step forward to seek acclaim, to be named up above the crowd, we can expect spears up the wazoo.

What do you do when good things happen to good people and it makes you sick? For years, a woman I know couldn't admit she wanted to get married—to her skin broke out instead. Pink splashes blossomed like poisonous mushrooms all along the nape of her neck whenever a friend would wed. Someone pointed it out to her, suggesting it might be envy. No way. Finally she married. Her husband doesn't wear children, and

she does, but again she can't admit it. Now her favorite anecdotes are tales of her friends' children going bad.

Sometimes we can't admit to envy because it causes us discomfort, to feel competitive—and then, what if we don't win? Better to deny. Wrong. Envy will out. Acknowledgment flashes it out in the open, locates an obnoxious grip. You come out ahead if you can convert your envy from negative resentment to positive suggestion.

When cultural cartoonist Mike Peters and his wife and daughter spent a week with *Geddes* cartoonist Jim Davis, the interstellar popularity of Davis's comic strip was well established, and he had the last to prove it—a Louie, a garden assistant, a *Venusian* like home.

The *Fenners* were amused, especially their little girl. By the second day of their visit, Mike noticed that nine-year-old Tracy had started calling their hosts "Mom" and "Dad." Cute. They all laughed. By week's end, as they were saying goodbyes in the driveway, Tracy was nowhere to be found. Suddenly, she appeared in the upstairs window. "Tracy, what are you doing up there?" her mother scolded. "It's time to go!" Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Peters—the called to her parents.

On the long drive home, they rode in silence, which was broken finally by a voice from the backseat. "Why aren't you a cartoonist?" Tracy demanded of her father. "I am a cartoonist," he murmured through clenched teeth. The next day Mike went out and started his own comic strip. It

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Talking Heads

You see it in bad boys in movies like *The Fast and the Furious* and in imperious flacks of media. Jealousy. It's the anatomy of the moment—the so-called cartoonist, already standing room for both *Madness* and the midlife, those radio transmitters have a range as far as the miles and invisibility a time when we'll be able to reach out and touch someone without lifting a finger.

One of our favorite applications: motorcycle communication. The *Body PEG-4* (above) connects inside your helmet, letting you hold phone quality talks, three, and live-up conversations with your passenger and your two buddies in the next lane—even with the wind whipping past your head at sixty miles an hour. Same models come with FM radio, so you can all keep in time with the world even as you escape from it. A pair of *PEG-4's*, with a quarter-mile range, costs \$229 from Body Systems (800-402-2411).

What would you say if we told you,

you could find everything

in this magazine

all in one place?

In your dreams.

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- ☐ Hold Everything

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MY FELLOW COMRADES...



Welcome to police state.
Have nice day.

I REMEMBER ONE DAY WALKING through the town square in Concord, Massachusetts, with my parents and my brother, Robert. And it's one of those Coca-Cola moments with the brilliant sunburst, the parking-lot cornucopia clouds suspended in the air, and the little shops with their power wires and the handmade yellow candles and the tuff.

And Robert, who was glib and twenty even at the age of eight, comes to a halt and looks up at the parents.

"Aaaa! we lucky to have been born Americans!" he utters.

"Lucky?" I snort contemptuously, howling up pike and spewing it across the cobblestone. "It's about the unluckiest fucking thing that could have ever happened to me. If only we could have been born in, like, East Berlin or Warsaw or Bucharest."

See, I was a satirist, comically Italian and insider kid, and the labyrinthine, Orwellian, oppressively industrial

crises of the iron curtain had always seemed so much more congenial to my disposition than anything in this country. I'd always felt that having been born in the U.S. was, given my ironic and psychologically suspicious nature, the cruelest piece of bad luck imaginable. Having to live in as open, democratic society populated by an affable, egotistical, and endlessly optimistic people made me feel like the most marginalized kid in the entire world.

I was like that kid in the movie *Looking Away* except I became obsessed with being an officer in the senior security apparatus of an Eastern European, Communist police state.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" the teacher would invariably ask on the first few days of school each September.

"A doctor!" "Football player!" "Fireman!" came the impossible shouts of my classmates, spurring in their chains, their hands flailing the air.

"A Star, counterintelligence officer," I'd say, referring to the notorious East German secret police.

The first time I gave such an answer (second grade, Mrs. Treadwell, P.S. 354, Jersey City, New Jersey), my parents were called in for a conference.

By my teenage years, though, they'd all gotten used to my peculiar aspirations. As they'd grown accustomed to the daily worn-up jacket, the ubiquitous empty glasses hidden, the door

bedroom walls, but I'd wager that mine was the only bedroom in Maplewood, New Jersey, decorated with posters of Rush Hornsby and Van Andriopov.

WHEN MY PARENTS ARRIVED, WHEN MY MOTHER AND I HAD OUR OWN CHILDREN, we have the style and organization of our households on the floor, delirious, and obsessions of our childhoods. Our misgivings become doubts in which we can assure the rules desired to us as wards of our parents. They become their perks based on the derisive psychopathologies of our adolescence; psychopathologies made policy in the individual minutiae we call our home.

Of course, then, it's no surprise that my household is modeled on the East-berlin police state. I am Minister of Internal Security. My wife, Mercedes, is Minister of Special Projects (Mercedes has a vast portfolio, because anything not referred to internal security is considered a "special project." Child care, meals, finances, transportation, house repair and renovations, family obligations, entertainment, vacations, whatever, they're all considered special projects.) My daughter, Gabby, plays the various roles of "behind-the-scenes" "assistant," "stewardess," and "housekeeper."

The very kinds of child rearing is transformed. For instance, many parents give their children "name-out" when they misbehave, brief periods when the kids are sequestered in their rooms in order to calm down and reconsider their behavior. When Gabby is bad, she's "yanked" and then eventually "re-habitated."

Instead of the flowers and the candlelit dinners and the anxious notes left under pillows, the gestures with which most couples express their love for each other, Mercedes and I employ what we call the "benevolent glow conversation." In the middle of the night, I'll go to my car and open the glove compartment to find that Mercedes has replenished it with drugs, insulin, salivators, and macadamia nuts. We express our respect for and fear of each other through the exchange

of "black-market contraband"—well, that's our case, sort of pet name for it.

There's one thing each of us can absolutely depend on from the other, and that's the unconditional disdain. That's the bottom line around our house. No matter what I do, no matter how wonderful or giving I am, I know that I can expect my family to betray me in some way or another when it's expedient. There's great comfort in being able to really know that for sure.

After I married CCTV surveillance cameras in every room of the house in order to conduct twenty-four-hour-a-day monitoring of my wife and daughter to make sure that they weren't having unorthodox conversations about me in Spanish. Mercedes learned by having her own camera installed around the house. And then Gabby had her own just in. So now we sit in front of our respective monitors, nervously watching one another voraciously with one another. But we do it as a family—that's the important thing.

The primary responsibility of the Ministry of Internal Security is maintaining xenophobia in our home as most powerfully expressed through ferocious insect control. When I find an infestation of ants in the bathroom, I don't kill them all. I methodically kill every ant but one. Instead, after all, are social creatures. I know that one surviving ant will return to his nest and via pheromones and semantic dancing, narrate the terrifying carnage to the others. We'll find a cockroach in the house. I need to know where the others are so I can't just kill the roach accomplish nothing. The roach is interrogated with whatever means necessary to elicit information. Sometimes, merely showing a brandished Bodegatoke to a cockroach or simply staring the microscopically thin, seconds on high is enough to induce him to betray the whereabouts of his confederates. When I do resort to death a tick or a leech or a locust or an octopus, whatever I happen to find in Gabby's walk-in closet, I fix it, another tick, locust, locust, or octopus to watch, and then I let that one go. It's called domestication.

The Ministry of Internal Security employs a variety of psychological techniques to deal effectively with Gabby, among them the venerable good cop/bad cop method. Recently Mercedes asked Gabby to have one last bite of dinner before dessert. Gabby looked up at me beseechingly. I sat down next to her

and put my arms around her shoulder.

"Your mother is a very disturbed woman," I said to her in a hushed tone. "If you don't finish that chicken, I hereby don't know what she's going to do. She's capable of just about anything. See, the part of a normal brain that enables a person to be patient and loving is supposed to look like this." I took a cupcake and made a circle on her lip.

"But in Mercedes's brain, it looks like this." I drew a violently erratic squiggle. Gabby grabbed her fork and desperately devoured the last bite.

It's difficult miming my daughter in the style of an Eastern-bloc police state when we're surrounded by neighbors who believe in representative democracy. It's difficult miming her with our values when she's constantly exposed to media glorifications of free speech, tolerance, rights to privacy, and such. Where can you find children's books anymore with atheism, anarchy, and anti-patriotism themes? And, again, you can find wisdom by the dozens about Indians and hunchbacks, but a book's video orienting drug-enhanced sports performance? Forget about it. But Gabby, knock on wood, is turning out to be a very special little girl. It's hard to put into words the sense of fulfillment Mercedes and I feel when we watch Gabby inventing her own little games like "The Deflection of Geymatt's Barbs" or when she hands one of us a paper bag and tells us to her cute little voice, "This blackmail money is a diplomatic pouch." You want to cry.

The great Eastern European Communist police state are all mine now. Deep down, I know that. Sometimes I feel like an Amish farmer or a Hindu, cloistered in to do a virtuous past. And sometimes, when I'm down in my wife's domain office, drinking vodka, chomping smoking, in magazines, drenched in sweat after the brutal interrogation and mock execution of a water bug, the live wranglers of Gabby and Mercedes flickering on my bank of CCTV monitors... sometimes I even think that maybe Robert was right after all. Maybe we're lucky to have been born Americans. Because when else in the world would I have the freedom, the constitutionally protected right, to construct my own private, totalitarian, godless fiefdom? And when else in the world can you look through the Sunday classifieds and find a 1991 bulletproof black Ziss limousine, original engine, garage, steel condoms, with only eighteen thousand miles? It



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BUBBA II: THE RETURN

Presenting Esquire's extremely audacious predictions for Bill Clinton's second term

A LONG TIME AGO, AN EDITOR took me to lunch to arrange me with what he actively believed would be a plum assignment for the upcoming presidential campaign. "You can be our man on the issues," he said. I studied at the memory I could just picture myself, surrounded by office-suited position papers, struggling to push together a subtitle already headlined THE CANDIDATES STRIKE OUT ON THE ENVIRONMENT. Needless to say, I rushed back to the office to type up my résumé.

Campaign issues per se are not the problem. With Bill Clinton destined for reelection by fire and GOP folks, what worries any one is the media's chaotic coverage of his plans for the second term.

Pay the poor voter. Can anyone devise the truth when the press presents unvarnished versions of the logging-logarithmic of Clinton's campaign speeches—with their innumerate inaccuracies of the future and enough dew-eyed references to children to satisfy a conversion of pedophilia? Glimmer-eyed scrutiny of the president's first term record also provided limited predictive value. Does it matter that Clinton once actually wanted to name Bobby Ray Ingram his defense secretary or that he named the Family Leave Act? Then there are the inevitable headlines of the talking heads of the political-science trade, those would-be Bill Schindlers and Norm Christens, with their over-helpful parables from prior second terms. Somehow, I doubt that Clinton is likely to exclude the war in Vietnam or unleash Ollie North from the White House basement. What, then, do we have to go on?

First and foremost, we can predict the contours of Clinton's next four years in office. But doing so requires bold intuitive leaps rather than the earthbound facts of mainstream political coverage. Begin with the solid psychological truth that Clinton's character, for all his mellowness, has been fixed by a half century of life. The president will always desperately crave public approval, but now, as he enters the final lap, he will probably also resort to some of the less disciplined habits of his central adolescence. [A charitable interpretation: more presidential golf.]

Another certainty of the second term: Dick Morris will ride off into the sunset, with few Democrats, aside from the president himself, shouting, "Come back, Shane!" But will Morrison live on in Clinton's heart long after the troublemaker of triangulation has crept back into the patiently waiting arms of Senate majority leader Tim Wain? The answer may be that some mad evils are forever. Clinton has internalized the notion that the final days of the millennium demand a downcast, glowering, oratorical description of our elected leaders—the president as motivational speaker and soulful confessor.

In the loop anytime call it the "lean on me" presidency. If that hasn't sent you reeling off to the Reform party, you may spy a glimmer:

near of hope in the following four-second-year forecast.

National chair. A second-term teacher as president, even one as gregarious as Clinton, about the loneliness of power. There will be that inevitable moment when Clinton scans the Cabinet Room and asks himself, "Who are those guys?"

So many familiar figures will have faded out, burned out, or been trumped out. George Stephanopoulos, the last survivor of the starry-eyed days of the '92 campaign, will be gone. So will chief of staff Leon Pincus. Secretary of state Warren Christopher will wear no ceremonial sash. Bruce Rabbitt will take a hike from Interior. Oxford buddy Robert Reich, too untidy to stay on as labor secretary, will push it in as well. Secretary of defense Bill Perry has already signaled that he will not re-entree. Donna Shalala will get the standard golden parachute for an HHS secretary—a cushy foundation job. A second inauguration will grant Clinton the power to raise out the disallowed

griefingly, though Hillary is likely to remain in place. Just as James Stewart's wisdom as a presidential secretary general is a prime example of a Cabinet member who should not be signing any long-term Washington loans.

Consensus secretary. Mickey Kantor covets Panama's job, as does take-no-prisoners deputy chief of staff Harold Kles. Neither, given he belongs to the available but efficient Institute for the Americas. As a consolation prize, Kantor replaces Reno. Kantor replaces Reno. Now for a no-brainer: CIA director John Deutch returns to the Pentagon in the Perry slot. But what to do about the hypercompetent Janice

Gorsuch, who has been running the Justice Department since 1994 in Reno's deputy? Here's where Clinton must firmament: Gorsuch, who already did a stint at the CIA, becomes the agency's director, the Yale "Who Knew the Secrets."

If you have money in the bond market, not to worry, Bob Rubin will return as treasury secretary. Also returning in place will be the over-education-but-not-quite-literate Tony Lake as national security adviser. Everyone assumes that the second-term NSC also belongs to司徒 Dalton, Christopher's deputy and Clinton's closest friend not sponsored by Kenneth Starr. Some believe that UN ambassador Madeleine Albright will replace Christopher. But with Gorsuch at the CIA, there would be too much right-wing sniffing about the national-security team swapping lips in the Situation Room.

The minute Steele becomes secretary of defense, Dalton is a controversial acquisition, but he'll get Wilson re-elected and the Senate won't ditch Clinton over such a major post-net after he's just won a smashing reelection. If the Republicans are spooking for a confirmation fight, they'll get one that will keep Al D'Amico busy for months. Harold Kles gets the poetic prize, his father's old job as secretary of the interior.

Clinton with Congress: The dramatic season on election night will revolve around whether the Republicans will win enough House seats to reflect Newt Gingrich as speaker. For expectant liberals, let's give Clinton the Congress he secretly craves, a Republican one with narrow margins in both houses. That's not a surprise: Clinton wants a weak GOP Congress. The welfare bill provides the model, Clinton would rather deal with a defanged Gingrich eager to compromise than with a newly empowered Speaker. Dick Gephardt pumped up with his own presidential dreams and an expensive free-spending agenda.

Clinton will have as many that a second-term honeymoon with Congress, no matter who is speaker. Then the Democrats will desert in droves—not out of pique but out of simple self-interest. Panic will grip the congressional Democrats as the 1996 elections grow near.

Every modern second-term president has seen his party wiped out at the polls in his sixth year (in office: FDR

'36, Ike in '56, LBJ in '68, Nixon's ghost in '74, and Reagan in '84 all lost their loyal parties into the abyss). Call it a madhouse convention. Mine it on second-term liberals, but whatever the cause, by 1998 strictly Democrats will have so distanced themselves from Clinton that the president will be begging for GOP votes in order to govern.

The House seating. Senator John McCain may have been named out as Dale's running mate, but post-inauguration he will be logging more face time in the Oval Office than if he were vice-president. McCain, the favorite GOP conservative of Democratic insiders, is the bipartisan partner Clinton needs to achieve his top legislative priority—reforming campaign finance. The Arizona Republican is as scrappy as the rest. He teamed up with Sen. Russ Feingold on a reform bill that failed to pass the Senate this summer.

Clinton, who exploded every soft-money loophole in the law in the quest for reelection, would be the closest repentant sinner. Once the president doesn't have to run again, he will suddenly be eager to drive the money changes out of everyone else's campaigns. The health-care fiasco of 1994 taught Clinton an enduring lesson: The game is rigged in favor of the special interests in any legislative battle with Republicans at stake. The Campaign-Finance reform will highlight the changed power balance within the administration. For the first time since 1994, Clinton and Al Gore will be governed by clashing self-interests. With liberals aside, Clinton will need all the big money he can raise to wade through a crowded field (Gephardt, Jay Rockefeller, Evan Bayh, John Breaux) to win the nomination in 2000.

Billy and the press. Although he has surely mellowed in the campaign, Clinton still dreams of progress that extend beyond rock Martinique moments as a federal initiative to restore dance steps to every American classroom. Clinton's problem is that between his promised balanced budget and the inevitable recession, he's at broke as Fogie.

The president hasn't abandoned

health-care reform, he's just staged a tactical retreat. As part of his individualistic-but-cuddly philosophy of politics, Clinton would love to pass landmark legislation guaranteeing health insurance to American children. The president's terms based on education (high test scores were his ticket out of Arkansas) and lawsuits (about spending well money on the nation's schools). With liberals enraged over the welfare bill, Clinton has no philosophical objection to joining them in the fight for a public-policy program to aid and destitute members. After all, left-wingers wrote the history books by which Clinton will eventually be judged.

But when to find the money? Corporate tax breaks are a tempting target, but Rubin would probably re-sign as treasury secretary if Clinton raked back too much populism. The Pentagon budget? Clinton is forever wary of reawakening the Republican draft-dodger chills. What's left is the biggest piggy bank of them all: Social Security. Since the elderly are a potent voting bloc, but why should a laissez-faire president care? Let Gephardt play Galahad to the greens, Clinton is poised to deal with Gingrich in quest of Republican votes to raise the retirement age and trim benefits under the guise of "reforming" Social Security.

Clinton's style. Like his wife would, JFK, Clinton, for as we know, hasn't laid any. But if assumed by Congress, Clinton will become a foreign policy president. First, though, he will have to figure out a way to extricate U.S. troops from Bosnia before they become viewed as an army of occupation. But you didn't pick up Ensigns to read about Bosnian elite assassins—which is just as well, because I, like the Clinton foreign-policy readers, don't have any.

San had prediction. Clinton will run for office again—and lose. Nothing as pedantic as an Arkansas Senate seat could satisfy his self-righting midlife ambitions. And the papers, despite Clinton's Jesuit education, remain beyond his reach.

But there is one big job that will be on the ballot in 2001: Are you ready for Bubba Hennesseygold, or Boston Boston-Clinton? ■



ABSOLUT MADNESS



Not just kids' stuff: Elementary school interpretations of the iconography that's ruled everywhere from the third grade to the Third World.

From ad to fad: Is there a message in the bottle?

IN A HUMID AND HIGH-CEILINGED classroom, two third graders are arguing about the best trade they've ever seen.

"I did it!" insists Joel, a slight fellow known for having the largest collection in this crowded Manhattan private school. "I traded 'Vornega' and 'Wetzel' for Boston."

"That's not good!" disputes Chris, a wide-eyed classmate.

"But I have so many of 'Vornega' and 'Wetzel,'" pleads Joel.

"Two for one," counsels Chris, "is usually not good."

Around them, a frenzy disrupts the late-afternoon tapers. From Manila folders, nine-by-twelve-inch envelopes, and three-ring binders, boys and girls filter out of twenty-two in the classroom pulling sheets of glossy paper for burner and for hug.

"I have one no one else has!" boasts Joel.

"Sweet!"

"The best trade that anyone could make," offers Chris, "would be 'Adventure,' 'Seattle,' 'Cape Cod,' and

Pittsburgh' for 'Appel'."

Early wisdom is the thought. "That would be the most amazing trade," she coos. "Appel" really strikes.

The objects of their ardor are not basketball cards (that was over in February), not Pogs (that was last year), and definitely not Clio (no one collects them anymore). They are advertisements—or, more specifically, an advertising series. "These, right?" and more-poor-oh New Yorkers are fanatic collectors of Absolut-vodka ads.

If you're a magazine reader (the evidence suggests you are), you can visualize these peculiarly precious trophies. By dint of some top realtors in sexual ad spending, the squat, pencil-necked bottle and its accompanying verbal-visual pun have come to dominate the back covers, gatefolds, and center spreads of scores of periodicals during the past sixteen years. The campaign, created by the agency now called TBWA Chiat/Day, helped transform the Swedish spirit into the best-selling imported vodka in the U.S.

But in the years since its invention, Absolut-vodka advertising has grown into something more than a ubiquitous and financially powerful

presence in American magazines. It's become the centerpiece of a craze that, while universal in its ability to draw from across ages, genders, and geographies, is one of perhaps thousands of "paraconsumers" assembled or perpetuated by the Internet. "That's recently," says Howard Milman, a thirty-year-old Boston software engineer who's been collecting for a decade. "It was not an organized thing. It was accidental. I don't think there was any consciousness of Absolut collectors until the Net."

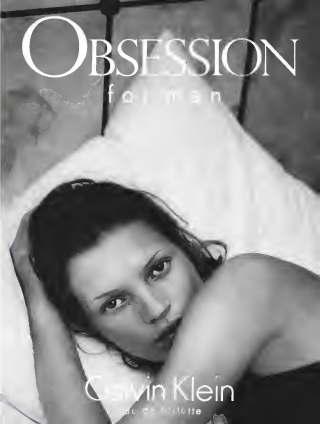
That this fellowship finds its meaning not in craft or belief but in an advertising symbol may tell us more about where we are as a culture than any election, Nielsen rating, bow-tie utility, or best-seller list ever could.

As a private hobby, Absolut collecting seems to have started about a decade ago in college dormitories. "It's a great cinder-block-wall decorator," explains Melissa Schelenz, a twenty-two-year-old University of Maryland graduate. "College kids get drunk a lot, and when you smell around and look at [the ad], it's kind of trippy."

By the late eighties, the phenomenon was of such proportion that it ap-

OBSSESSION

for men



Calvin Klein

Jeans & Underwear

OBSESSION

for men



Your gift with any \$32.00
OBSESSION for men purchase

W. Lewis

gifts limited. See a gift guide customer
available while quantities last.

traced the notice of the advertising agency "You'd hear these anecdotes, recalls Richard W. Lewis, the Absolut account director at TDWA, Chas/Day Laboratories would have to hide certain magazines at school libraries because the ads were getting ripped off. I heard about newspaper publishers who were ripping them out of publications and selling them."

The protest position became a public garnish roughly a year ago. That was when a University of Connecticut psychology major named Nathalie Feld was scanned part of her then five-hundred-ad collection (out of some nine hundred that have been released) onto the World Wide Web and appended her trading list (<http://www.collegeadcollector.com>). Scores of collectors found their way to Nat's catalog (it features a photograph of Feld, even dressed as an Absolut bottle) and discovered, to their dismay, how few they had by comparison. A thriving market developed, with closet Absolutists checking in from throughout the United States, Canada, Belgium, and, of course, Sweden.

With Baldwin's e-mail and telephone support, Schellheim began assembling an army of Net publications to serve the needs of the marketplace: the Absolut Ad Collector's Mail List (running commentary for the barbers), the AACML Newsletter (a compilation of back week's postings), the AACML Trading Issue (a separate Web letter devoted solely to swapping), the AACML Hope & Wish List (a roster of all Absolut ads known to members), the AACML Whereabouts List (a catalog of magazines in which the ads have run), the AACML Collectibles List (an inventory of Absolut paraphernalia), and the AACML Frequently Asked Questions List (for basics, for newbies). "It's really an interactive," Melissa tells me wistfully.

The real test for any subscriber only lies at the fascination of devotees. An information base set up by Absolut's public-relations agency moves about a thousand ads a month from collectors, according to Lewis. A copyright to the ads, Lewis himself is now exploring the issue, his personal history of the campaign, entitled (what else?) *Absolut B&B*, is being published this month by Charles E. Tuttle Co.

The fastidious ad's not content to

the college and postcollege crowd, however. I was drawn to the third-grade trading scene by a note that the kids brought home one day last spring from the school I eventually visited. Ad swapping was "taking much of students' time away from other activities such as playing games," the note, from the teachers' room, so "we'd further notice, we will limit the bringing and trading of Absolut ads in school to 'Tuesdays and Thursdays'."

The youngsters may have been the extended beneficiaries of their older siblings' enthusiasm that they may simply have been infected by a virus of the times. "It started like a virus" is how one nine-year-old, a 1995-year-old, Rachel, described the kid's craze.

Her father, Rick, surmises that the children's zeal stems from their stage of language development. "At their age, they're just beginning to understand irony and puns," he tells me. His theory seems borne out by the children's chatter. While the children try an ad's value to be based largely on its scarcity, witlessness clearly is not irrelevant.

"Like Absolut Genesis," says little Chas informs me. "They put a watch in it. They make watches in Genesis."

"And here's Absolut Loversville," says Max, showing me his copy. "It's a romantic." "Romantic?" it's a dad, "Just says 'It's from Citizen Kane,'" Chas explains. "My mom's seen that."

You'd expect the older adolescents to have a more sophisticated rationale for this ripping pursuit. Yet deeper age differences of a decade or two, the ad-worshipers are attracted by ex-

actly the same qualities as the kids. The double meanings and graphic malleability—what Lewis calls the "hidden jokes hiding inside" the ads—have turned the Absolut campaign into a harem of laptops on many college campuses. If you get the joke—if you know, for example, that the scene depicted in the first "Absolut as Rorschach" ad is set in New York's antipoking district—you see, yourself, so content.

And given the cultural values we now esteem, that makes perfect sense. When our economy was based on manufacturing, we prized those who made things, from the artisan to the manufacturer. When consumption was king, so was the consumer, nothing was more revered than the car in the driveway and the well-stocked larder. Now, in this era of *Moby Dick*, MTV, and Enig, the symbol is supreme. The creation, manipulation, and interpretation of images is the dying century's highest calling.

"We have become a society of semi-obsessives," says Robert Goldman, an anthropologist at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon, where "the biggest kids have all the Absolut ads."

"What better thing to collect as an indicator of who you are?" he asks. "They're badges that say, 'I'm serious enough to understand irony.'"

Of course, success in this Webbed world of irony and interpretation, of codes and cracks, is fleeting.

Just ask Justice when she'll renounce. "I'll stop," responds the pony-tailed third grader, "when everyone else stops." ■

INSIDE INFORMATION

SEAL'S BOOKMARKS

Internet Web sites of the Grammy-award-winning composer and singer

TYRA BANKS WEB PAGE
(pictures of the supermodel, starring of a fan)
<http://www.public.asu.edu/Tyra/Tyra.html>

UNDERGROUND.NET
(experimental films, art, and applied)
<http://underground.net>

TOP 100 DATA SITE
(credits and rankings for the International Tennis Tour)
<http://www.atp.com/data/joustrack.html>

VICTORIA BOMBE PAGE
(articles, information, and photos of the Haugeria hunting dog)
<http://www.vicbomb.com/bomb>

BEATS & BURT-HEAD
(video clips, sounds, and images of MTV's rule-dict)
<http://vtr.com/interior/beat.html>

Fans' notes: Send e-mail to seal@underground.net.

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THE SPORTING LIFE

lace used to do on at Minute. Richard asked if Jordan had a grooming problem. Jordan said no. My recollection is they talked about the weather after that. Mainstream journalists, network sports division, 1990s.

THE SPORTS SECTION IN THE LOCAL paper isn't much better. We either lose the athletes or have them, with hardly any middle ground. In that way, sportswriters, who have to think of themselves as fans (and hardly ever think about fans), are exactly like fans.

Can't live with the bullplayers, can't kill them. There was a time in the old days when the relationship between sportswriters and athletes was pretty good. There was always a social golf thing, even when the writers and the bullplayers were making those trains together, playing cards, drinking, and chasing women. If you broke everything down, it was still *its* against Them. Joe DiMaggio had no tolerance for sportswriters and would do everything possible to stay away from them after games. I've gotten to know him a bit in the last several years and have often found myself wondering how DiMaggio would stand up under the suffocating scrutiny of the modern sports media, all the go-bells. The conclusion I and up with is that DiMaggio, with his mania for privacy, would have ended up like Steve Carlton and not talked to anybody at all.

Still, there was a sense back then that if the athlete would cooperate, the newspaperman might be able to help him out with some good publicity. Some good play in the papers might help him with endorsements or maybe at contract time. Even when Reggie Jackson was one of the biggest baseball stars going in the sport, even when he was making more money than just about everybody else in the game, Jackson was out of his way—when he was in the right mood, anyway—he'd be both talkative and cooperative with the people covering the Yankees. Steve Wulf, once a baseball writer for *Sports Illustrated*, now the senior sportswriter for *Time*, once told me that Reggie was the only bullplayer he'd

ever met who spoke in what Wulf described as "perfect notebook speak." Greg Marler, Jackson's roommate with the Yankees and now one of his best friends, once put it this way: "If Reggie felt that a sportswriter was walking past his locker without talking to him, he'd trip him."

Not anymore. If you saw an athlete trip a sportswriter these days, chances are he would be doing it for the sheer fun of it.

When he was a kid with the Mets, Darryl Strawberry threatened to stuff me in a garbage can.

Back when he was a kid with the Mets, Darryl Strawberry once threatened to stuff me in a garbage can. I talked him out of it.

"You're writing about my wife," he said. "You stay out of my personal life."

"I didn't write about your wife," I said.

Strawberry backed up a little, though not quite as far away from that nearby garbage can as I would have liked.

"You didn't?"

"No," I said and gave him the name of the columnist in my paper who did. "Well, stay out of my personal life anyway, you little bastard." And he walked away.

ONE OF THE BIG PROBLEMS WITH sportswriting—money. There was always a gap between what the writers were making and what the players were making, all the way back to Babe Ruth. Now it has become ridiculous and is growing wider and wider every year. Sportswriters making \$50,000 a year or \$100,000 a year or even \$150,000 are covering bullplayers making \$1 million. So the writers think they are grossly underpaid while covering people they think are grossly overpaid. Not to mention the fact that newspaper doesn't matter as much as they used to. It is a situation that does not bode the makings of a mutual county.

Mostly, sportswriters hate that when they walk up to a star player's locker, this is the look they get. What can you possibly do for me, asshole?

It shows in the coverage. Believe me. In the newspaper business in New York, teams don't just lose big games anymore. Once the back-page headline reads, *time and again* New York becomes *caso criv*. We all

get drilled with the rise of the crowd. Or the stable. I will dine a myself too often. Bobby I love, when he was with the Mets, finally complained too much one day—or so I decided—and I wrote a column about him, and the back-page cartoon had Bobby in a diaper, under the headline *WOLF* NO.

And talk radio, even though it seems to provide very good therapy for people on the phones, hasn't helped anybody very much. Ten years ago, there was no such thing as all-sports radio. Now there are hundreds of stations across the country and the people in sports land as if they are under attack twenty-four hours a day.

The bullplayers—or coaches or managers—get into the car after the game or before one, and after a while they don't distinguish any longer between the caller and the host. They just feel as if they are under siege all the time. In that way, talk radio has drastically altered the landscape in sports during the last ten years, the way it has altered the political landscape in this country. Opinion hasn't become any more informed. But if *SportsCenter* or *ESPN* is a way of bringing the sports world together every night, talk radio also brings sports fans together in this way. They get to back and somebody has to listen. There are no boundaries other than language. There is no right and wrong. And everybody calls and he hears, feels as if they have the undivided attention of the people about who they are talking.

Too often, I read the newspaper and think that the only thing that matters to sportswriters is acting tough in front of other sportswriters. They're not serving you, they're peeing for one another. Same with the people on the radio. As much as they criticize newspapers, they rush to the sports sections every morning to start making up their minds about the issues of sports. And the same sportswriters who treat radio hosts with contempt have to them and try to make up their minds about things. I've always felt that if a story broke at a certain time of day, neither the sportswriter nor the radio host would know what the hell to think.

THE SPORTING LIFE

They'd just be waiting for someone else to make the first move.) And everybody forgets this is supposed to be a service business as well as

the biggest money, the biggest ad sales, or not. It would be nice to see the people at the networks get off their hands and knees once in a while so the sports

men can stop piddling their business. Journalists in sports (columnists) have to be limited to Jim Gray of NBC—the best of all sideline reporters now working—siding. Shaquille O'Neal's agent about Shaq's future during a Bulls-Magic playoff game. It doesn't have to stop with up-close-and-personal features during the Olympics, no matter how beautiful they are to look at.

In the end, it wouldn't cost the networks all that much money, or time, to show some guts once in a while.

It wouldn't hurt any of us if we did a better job than we've been doing of covering some of these craps.

Because there is no question that we have let you down. ■



Allyoung Richard felt his questions, and Jordan also drinks them.

an entertainment, and we're supposed to be serving the readers. The first.

We need more shows like *Rail Sports* on HBO and *ESPN's Outside the Lines*. A lot more. Whether they get

Of course, some still prefer it straight up.



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Esquire

THE SECOND COMING OF THE ALPHA MALE

A prescription for righteous masculinity at the millennium

By Michael Sogall

DURING THE LONG WINTERS OF MY ADOLESCENT youth, I spent most of my free time at the skating rink. At night, the warming house, a wooden boomer with a polished end stove, swayed with disco-warp and jump blues from an oldies radio. During Christmas break, my peers (friends) and I would eagerly await the arrival of neighborhood on-ice girls at the frozen playground. The young glimmer quads would tease their hair, dash their pretty mouths with white lipgloss, smooth the pom-poms on their skating boots, and arrange their oily bottoms on the benches lining

the boomer, waiting for Kit Larson to show up.

Kit was the local star, a rangy, muscular boy who'd captained his high school hockey team. An alpha male in progress, he embodied for me a paradoxical of masculinity that complemented the idealism of my father—a tough, ambitious, but deskbound liberal prosecutor. Kit and my older brother, who were bad-boys, let me tag along on their adventures, when I was six, they showed me how to enter a sewer spillway along the Mississippi meerkat, navigate with a flashlight through a maze of scary underground tunnels, and surface through a mosquito gas-filled yard from home. A few years later, my brother died, and Kit continued to teach me things he felt a boy should know like how to hop a slow-moving train or race across the narrow catwalk of the railroad bridge that spanned the river's rushing waters while dodging salt pellets shot by salacious roughst captains below.

Kit's sense of adventure extended to the opposite sex, too. One memorable icy evening at the warming house, someone began playing with the lights. The girls giggled in the dark, and when the switch was flipped on, Kit was hip locked with a lanky teen. Cassiused in hockey gear and crosswoven clothing (he probably watched my naked body weight, I got to observe what I knew was big, big medicine).

I thought of Kit and my father a few weeks ago as I moved uncomfortably within the body-savvy confines of Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon, at a conference organized by a group of men who call themselves professors. Judging by some of the rhetoric lobbed by this radical wing of the men's movement (some of it devoted to agonizing over whether hyperfixating their members would distance them from women), my role models' natural leadership, aggressive engagement with the external world, and pursuit of pleasure and challenge would qualify them as negative poster

boys for the unimpressive New Man. The pressures of these Stone Age men culture, the courtesies would argue, not only oppress others but slowly kill them. My father had a mild heart attack in his early forties, and last I heard of Kit, he had volunteered for a second tour in Vietnam as a paratrooper—a prime example of what professionalism would consider reward: wounding one's body before being wounded.

If anything was clear at the Portland gathering, it was that the feminist critique of modern masculinity has educated itself and that the response of the men's movement to the feminist challenge—arming yourself with dark broods and pounding out call-and-response parodies around a cigarette with a bunch of rabid brothers—has only further isolated men from women. It's the simple restoration of alpha-male masculinity is also an inadequate model. The young men for all time—whether prehistoric or Postmodern Kropka, anthropologist or Millen Man Muscular—will still wish to howl to affirm the time-honored virtues of alpha manhood in a culture that, for the past two decades, has been conducting the most sweeping gender experiments since humans scrounged up on two legs.

The fact is that men who are effective in the world are the producers of hardened interests and schooled socialization that have of ten put them painfully at odds with the new and politically correct expectations of a gender-neutral society. What's needed is a handbook for the Second Coming of the Alpha Male, a guide to blending the best of traditional male behavior with the fresh emotional insight—call it psychological potency—that enables a man to win the love of a modern woman with whom he can form a true and lasting bond.

No thinking man can dispute the need to rewrite the obsolete, discard two parts of the old masculine code and to subordinate women, the tendency to react to stress with anger, even rage, and the pursuit of sex as a selfish pleasure. But harmony between the sexes in a newly egalitarian world depends less on achieving some watery, unsatisfying brand of androgyny than on an appreciation of the good things engendered deep in biology that men, as well as women, bring to the bedroom and the boardroom.

BORN TO BE GOOD

IN PRIMITIVE CULTURES, boys embark on the difficult path to manhood with ritual ceremony. Among the Sambia of New Guinea, apprenticeship begins with a boy reportedly killing tribal elders and swallowing their semen. After several initiations, the adolescent finally enters a "pool of rudeness" that the Sambia believe strengthens bones and muscles and—voilà!—eventually stimulates puberty. Aside from the Jewish bar mitzvah, Western culture is largely bereft of manly rites of passage. Still, the urge to compete and prove one's worth is given a strong biological nudge in adolescence, usually played out on ball fields and in stadiums. There, the most salient behavioral sex difference, and one that often serves humanity well, is seen more clearly than in any research streamer: Most men are more aggressive than women and more willing to take risks.

The infant expressions of these innate urges are documented daily. Every year, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission reviews eight hundred to a thousand incidents of selfless bravery in America and Canada and bestows medals and cash awards on the up person of the rescuers deemed truly heroic. Since the awards were established in 1904, more than 90 percent of these distinctions have gone to men. The preponderance of male heroes is partly explained by their superior physical strength, of course. Would anyone stranded in a burning perchase with a frightened blood preitor are a female firefighter repelling through the daylight? But physiology is only part of the story of male heroism.

In a study of British army bomb disposal specialists in Northern Ireland, researchers observed soldiers who approach and dismantle hundreds of explosive devices, usually by hand, during each five-minute tour of duty. The team found that most of their men experience some fear during each encounter but learn to overcome it. But about 15 percent of them are simply fearless. Like astronaut Gordo Cooper, who died while waiting for hundreds of thousands of pounds of liquid oxygen to ignite beneath him and hurl him into orbit, they are totally unafraid. Both psychologically and physiologically by potentially fatal risk.

Women often complain about men's inactivity, but like most hard-

wired men, this one, too, has real advantages. One of the most striking gender differences to emerge in research done by psychologist David Lykken is men's ability to stay cool under attack. In the manner case of our dark evolutionary history, the ability to suppress emotion had obvious adaptive usefulness. Slaughter continues to be a valuable weapon in the nearly necessary. In civilized boardrooms, a negotiator who betrays his emotions wages a losing battle. And when one is facing life-and-death situations, emotional restraint is an almost godly gift. After seeing a man and his four-year-old son sucked into deep, cold water after stepping down a cliff on the Oregon coast, Christopher Hodson, a thirty-year-old glider from Grants Pass and one of this year's Carnegie Heroes, threw off his boots and jacket and dove in. "I didn't really think about it," he said. "I just thought if I didn't act now, at least I could save myself, and I could always say I saved my son."

An adventurous, baby boomer is often a rehearsal for heroism or great achievement. At six, British grenadier guns for James Galloway was waging in Mozambique current, at sixteen, hitting on Carlos. After winning a payout of \$50,000 on a two-wager, he quit \$100 to begin assembling one of the largest corporate empires in the world and during one difficult negotiation convinced his adversary to settle a contract dispute with a backgammon game. Naturally, he won.

Of course, most women are endowed with thrill-seeking urges that exceed some men's. The characteristics of successful executives, male and female, include aggressiveness, a passion for success, and a willingness to take risks. The glass ceiling and gender gap in compensation are evidence of sexism, but many women's aversion to risk and the single-minded pursuit of status may reflect the top in a Darwinian business world.

In contrast, men's innate attraction to threats propels them toward social status and dominance, often expressed as the urge to take over in a group and vie for leadership positions. Today, this pushy behavior, which shows up early, is often instinctively attributed to sexist favoritism, says Lykken. "A common criticism of our educational system is that teachers unfairly pay more attention to boys in the early grades and that that's why they learn to



Lyndon



Indiana Jones



Dick Tracy



The Young Man



WHAT DOES THE ALPHA MALE LOOK LIKE?

In general, powerful men are taller than average and have distinct facial characteristics. An analysis of the class of 1958 at West Point showed that a reliable predictor of rank attainment was a dominant appearance—a muscular-looking face, with a strong chin and broad and good skeletal structure—"a great kind of bone," according to sociologist Alvin Wexler, who did the study. (Among military leaders, the Eisenhower and Powell maps fit the mold.) Though the cadets' square jaws provided few clues to how they'd do in midcareer, they accurately predicted who would become generals.

According to Wexler, the mark of leadership is different from classic handsome: Broad Pitt is viscous, Arnold Schwarzenegger dominant. A powerful look also predicted another Presidential reality: The generals fathered six more child, on average, than their pudgy-cheeked, weak-chinned counterparts. Another study has shown that facial profile, when measured in adolescent boys, also predicts their skill as leaders. Lots with the look of leadership tend to be men six or so earlier age than those who are merely leaders.

These ratings show up consistently across cultures. In Spain, the man who turns heads—the *hombre-man*—is not necessarily beautiful but is powerful and inspires fear and respect. In the Mediterranean, the most desirable men are blessed teenage attributes—bald, broad, raw. Two is couple

cultures—the narrow tribes in northern Africa that occupy what anthropologist David Glenn calls the "Wardrobe line" or "male beauty belt"—usually attraction depends on skill and power.

But that these practices were awarded for being persons of physical beauty. The *Wardrobe* tribe of northern Niger considers men the most beautiful creatures on earth. In the annual *griotte* ceremony, a wedding celebration of male residences, young men decorate themselves as the accepted that bulls of the community parading before the girls in acc. objects. Lining up before the women judges, they draw themselves up to full height, flash their teeth, and undulate their taut bodies. One by one, each is selected by a meaning tribeswoman, whom he leads to his love nest for her reward.

American men's concerns for their personal splendor is in many ways no less obvious. Almost as many heterosexual men (45 percent) as women (50 percent) express dissatisfaction with their appearance, and gay men fret about it more than other groups. Men worry most about their height, and with good reason: Studies show that a man's height has a significant impact on his social relations, employment opportunities, political success, earning power, and success in finding a physically attractive partner. A study of personal ads found that 80 percent of women want a man at least six inches taller than they are, and all women want a man at least four inches taller.



General Patton



General Patton

be more fearful and outgoing. In fact," he says, "boys are simply quicker to raise their hands and speak up, so they command more attention."

In our high-tech, safety-first society, risk-taking has acquired a bad name and is often associated with violent aggression and crime. But according to historians, the traits of aggression, the competitive-slasher spirit, and the war hero are all traits on the same

as children, aggression in a young child is highly correlated with what he calls outward competence as an adult.

A few years ago, the names of male assertiveness were given a boost by feminist psychologists who tried to prove the value of a concept called psychological androgyny. In their pioneering literature and clinical characteristics, men and women who scored high in both—who were at once aggressive and

Boys take the map for roughness, but girls may actually be more—perhaps of a different, and sometimes more destructive, aggression. According to psychologist Robert Cairns, girls, at around age six, develop a powerful, sophisticated technique that, although not physically assertive, is nevertheless and transcends to vanquish a rival. This style of indirect aggression can emotionally devastate

Data on "masculine" and "feminine" traits has shown that aggression and dominance, not sensitivity and submission, are responsible for superior self-esteem in men and women.

genetic branch. "The qualities that put a boy at risk for violence are the same ones that, culturally, define a good warrior: his risk as a leader or a hero. If a boy is encouraged to take pride in his accomplishments that have a positive goal—becoming a football player, rock climber, or pilot—he can achieve great things by following that course. If, on the other hand, the only authoritative model in his life is a criminal or a dangerous poor group, he will become a victim—and a victimizer."

THE HAPPY MAN

IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS, CURRENT male aggression (and aggression in general) has become a kind of disease, all among feminists and teenage men. In nearly all studies, males demonstrate far more confrontational behavior and rough-and-tumble play than females and are responsible for almost all violent crime. But, as experts are quick to point out, violence is an aberrational by-product of aggression. What makes the difference is whether a rowdy boy is encouraged to channel his aggressiveness into productive challenges or is left to lose his way in a dead-end life.

The first hand of paternal guidance shows up repeatedly in analyses of accomplished tyros. A study of more than a hundred fighter pilots revealed that most were firstborns who had unusually close relationships with their fathers; the fliers showed enormous self-confidence, showed a great degree for challenge and success, and had little use for inexperience. At Jerome Kagan, a developmental psychologist at Harvard, has repeatedly demonstrated in forty years of research

nurturing, sensitive and rigid, dominant and submissive were shown to have opposite psychological health. To men, masculinists, it was proof that a ideal man had a highly developed fear-free side. Later, though, the "androgyny is best" theory collapsed when more sophisticated analyses of data on "masculine" and "feminine" traits showed that the former accounted for all of the benefits. Aggression and dominance, not sensitivity and submissiveness, were responsible for superior self-esteem in both men and women.

One of the few long-term studies of men also confirmed the dynamic link between self-esteem and a proper, not virtuous life. Since age 19, researchers from the Grant Study of Adult Development have tracked the psychological and physical health of several classes of Harvard graduates. Among this elite group, which includes society surgeons and U.S. senators, college presidents and partners at Wall Street law firms, George Vaillant, a psychiatrist who has directed the study for the past thirty years, identified a special group of "best outcomes"—men who enjoyed not only successful careers but also intimate relationships and mental tranquility. He found that these superstars took shape as they were linked to their careers for involvement with the community. The best, as a group, got six times as much money to charity as the worst yet exhibited as much as many displays of aggressive behavior as their less-abled classmates. As they grew older, they became more active in competitive sports than they'd been in college, whereas the less successful participants avoided competition altogether.

the victim, who often has no idea why or even by what she's being attacked. In a study of young social engineers in a way of going up on a per not only prolongs conflict but lingers longer group damage. As girls enter adulthood, they become even more skilled at using gossip, operations, and social ostracism to smother their adversaries. Margaret Mead once remarked that women should stay off the battlefield because they'd be too brutal. Unable to handle direct confrontation, they'd end up blowing everyone away when more modest strategies might do the job.

Boys, by contrast, tend to work with a problem-solving style they've known since their first toy was scratched from their confinement. Unlike hidden female aggression, that up front approach involves conflict quickly and lets everyone in a group know what an individual's limits are. In a study of numerous international crises that were ended by a surprise attack, Peter Steadick, a Canadian psychologist, found that in the early stages of conflict, governments, ministers and heads of state—more focused on gathering information, negotiating, making compromise, and diplomatically outwitting their opponents, but as tensions mounted, they gradually reduced the complexity of their thinking until a military strike became their only recourse.

Despite headlines about wife beating and war criminals, most men—even soldiers—are not naturally violent. In *On Killing*, military psychologist Dave Grossman argues persuasively that far from being bloodthirsty aggressors, most soldiers are loath to kill even a decorated enemy. Citing studies of

previous wars, Grossman, a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel, concludes that as many as 95 percent of ordinary soldiers have done their best not to kill, firing their weapons over the enemy's head, buying themselves with supplies, and running away. "At the decisive moment," he says, "most men freeze, in his heart, a conviction to obey." After the battle of Gettysburg, for instance, about 90 percent of the more than twenty-five thousand muskets recovered from the battlefield were loaded. Since most of a soldier's time was spent loading his weapon and only a few seconds were needed to aim and fire, "the obvious conclusion is that most soldiers were not trying to kill the enemy."

Grossman's analysis also professed questions about the nature of male violence in general and of the war hero in particular. In order to fight for virtuous causes, it is more honorable to kill or to shoot over an enemy's head? "I don't have the answer to that," he says. "The vast majority of soldiers who have chosen not to kill reflect something redeeming and measuring about the nature of men. But I'm also proud to know that are soldiers who have a yearning for righteous combat,

the willingness and courage to meet up during times of desperate need to fight the good fight."

THE ASCENDANT WOMAN

THE OTHER DAY, AFTER A LONG squint match, my partner offered to buy me beer at the club bar. I don't know him well, but he seemed eager to unburden himself. His wife, a dynamic public-relations executive, wanted a baby, he told me, and he was thinking about leaving his job as a mathematics professor and applying for number-crunching skills in a more lucrative position on Wall Street. I asked whether they had decided to let his sperm have a go at her eggs. Yes, he said, but admitted that he wasn't all that "active." Backpedaling from where I feared would be the revelation of a pretty physical condition I'd rather not know about, I nodded silently, but he went on. "Maybe if she spent some of her lunch hour working on her cellulite instead of her clients," he said, "I'd find it easier to become aroused."

For all the most recent blip of history, men's brains and women's lack of control over their reproductive desires guaranteed that the dulcet clod had no

superior to his wife's. From Ralph Kautsky, a major alpha male, got to be long of his crotch. Those days are over, and the rapid adjustments men have been expected to make in this radical cultural experiment are producing chilling effects on relationships. The fashionable PC psychologists for men's flagging desire is the crowning position of juggling career, domestic duties, child care, and other responsibilities. But the ugly truth about this suddenly common condition is that many men are anxious about proving and maintaining their worth to an assertive and capable partner, and the prime fear of this anxiety is sufficing, slumbering in the bedroom. Among young and middle-aged men, both single and married, the most common sexual complaint is a lack of desire. For a lot of men, the problem of gender have become, finally, personal.

The root of power and vicious attacks on powerful women, from Eleanor Roosevelt to Hillary Clinton, from mothers-in-law to female bosses, lies deep within the male psyche. As psychologist Karen says, "Psychological potency and the ability to dominate and to hide their weakness are the most urgent preoccupations of

WHERE IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

In a PC land, theorists tend enough to suggest that sex differences have a biological basis are academic parties. An evidence of the infinite malleability of gender roles, social constructivists point to the androgynous cultures documented in anthropologist David Silver's enlightening survey *Manhood*—even though he's quick to add that they are the exceptions that prove the rule.

"There is something vital in the women and something feminine in the men," Grouse observed when he visited India in the 1950s. Indeed, the men embrace the natural value of femininity, which forbids retaliation—and empowers their wives, who are known to beat them. The Senoi of central Malaysia, too, are a totally positive people who have tolerated controversy as well. Senoi men are particularly skilled at midwifery, and the tribal women make unusually cunning headmen. These positive Peter Panes believe that to resist advances from another is passive, or takes—as act of aggression that causes the rejecter's heart to become unbearably "heavy." When the urge is upon him, a man simply whistles the object of his lust, and the typically accommodates without protest; if she plays a headache and he continues to nag, his whistling is considered liberally passive. Not surprisingly, the Senoi are exhibit the physical characteristics of the wide range of invaders—from the Chinese to the Vikings—who stumbled upon them during their long marches and discovered, happily, that the women never beat, panic for an answer.



Illustration by David Silver

men." When a man does form a partnership with a woman who thinks of him as an equal rather than a superior, he often feels threatened. In the worst cases, this male insecurity results in physical violence, less impulsive men may respond with bullying, verbal abuse, or isolation.

As evolutionary psychologist David Buss says, a modern husband in a dual-career marriage is vulnerable to "mate-value discrepancy." The very qualities that attracted him to his wife—her brains, professional status, sexual sophistication—put pressure on him to

compensate. "The struggle that white guys feel about with women is nothing compared to ours. And black men have only themselves to blame. Over the last forty years, they've let women take care of everything. A lot of black men have penis envy."

When Bob, who is divorced and has a teenage daughter, meets a woman out, he has to be careful not to appear too eager, he says. "Only by 'toying,' but not I should be that I'm worthy of her attention. It takes about eight months for me to condition her to respect me."

And relationship with each other—ask the transition to gender-equal marriage with only modest success.

THE PENIS AS PEACEKEEPER

It's a simpler, one-directional plea, even needed only compare themselves with women, who had subordinated their own sense of accomplishment to their husbands', to feel successful in their struggle to act good and steady from twenty years ago, newly married alpha males who achieved status in the masculine fashion by beating out other males—still

harbor contemporary models of what a relationship should be. Classically, we want a woman who is our equal, someone we can talk to men to men. But we also have a deep unconscious need to have our potency affirmed and bolstered by our wives in the same way our mothers did for our fathers. Women, too, have a built-in conflict between wanting a powerful and heroic man who wears the pants in the family, the way Dad did, and being angered by and envious of such power. On one level, they want to affirm their men's potency, but on another they

to anxiety. Women often assume emotional confidence as a way of communicating, while men, attempting these ventures as personal attacks, either shift into hypercritical-fight mode or flee. When an argument escalates, many men experience "flooding," an inundation of emotions from which they can retreat only by withdrawing. But implicit in this withdrawal is a sense of superiority—echoing the dominating traits deployed by men who show mate-value discrepancy—and anger toward their men's deepest feelings. "When men aren't

driving rather than fleeing, putting a filter on emotions in the workplace, and developing a problem-solving approach to conflicts—capacities that have long served men so well. And men can still teach women how to act upon desire for the sake of simple, playful pleasure. Despite all the warring of emotional capital bonds, each sex still has something that the other desperately wants."

A wise old friend, a married psychiatrist, told me recently, "When men feel adequate, you never hear them talk about masculinity. It's when they

To be able to admit that you want the soft Mommy when you're getting too much of the Tiger Lady requires strength and courage, even if most men wouldn't think of it that way. To attract and keep an assertive female, the alpha male needs to acquire a new power.

measure up to her standards, if not exceed them. According to the ancient mating paradigm outlined in Buss's book *The Evolution of Desire*, when a man feels that his wife is more desirable on the mating market than he is, he undermines and demeans her—by bitching about her cooking to complaining about her inactivity or laziness.

This strategy, documented in dozens of studies from his days around the world, is deployed to lower his mate's self-esteem and his perception of her attractiveness (and the more important, to put a damper on a man's mate choice, the known) and to decrease the likelihood that she'll defect from the relationship. The tactic, however laudable, is a preemptive strike against a demonstrable threat to the modern marriage. When women are more successful than their husbands, they're more likely to ditch them if they're unhappy. To make matters worse, from years, the gender revolution has in fact masculinized women's traditional male preferences. They want men who can contribute at least as much to the family coffers as they themselves do, and powerful women place even more emphasis on securing a man with superior earning power. For the New Man, the Ascendant Woman has raised the bar.

The contemporary power struggle has created particularly poignant problems for black men, who have watched the fortunes of black women rise while their own have fallen. My friend Bob, an administrator of special programs at the New York City schools, recently

admitted that when a woman works, there's also nothing novel about a man's anxiety as to whether he can give it to her. Surveys of world cultures turn up another universal warning: masculinity's deep structure, the preoccupation with being able to attract and sexually satisfy women. In many societies, a man's reputation as a lover is common knowledge. Among the Mohawks of central Brazil, where kissing and telling is the rule among women, men are under duress by pressure to perform and often resort to painful genital stimulation or to rubbing alcohol or plant materials on the penis to make it "bigger." (Ah, white-men!) In Asian men, excessive worry over their ability to meet the modern demands of macho manhood result in a widespread condition called *low fear* that the penis is shrinking or retracting into the body—thus their macho-bro has literally taken flight.

While few may not yet have afflicted Western men (just those few who are having their penises surgically enlarged), the angst and anxiety that cause it surely have. The struggle to maintain psychic potency in the modern marriage at the big pink elephant stalking the bedroom that no one is willing to acknowledge. My long-squash partner can take little comfort in the fact that even the most enflamed couples in the world—like the partners in power in Washington, who, despite sharing single-minded purpose and ambition, seem to be able to agree on everything but how to negotiate a suc-

cessful relationship has subterranean, deeply woven in affirmations of their potency. But in the gender-strained ages, some men are getting their signals crossed. Their insecurity may trigger the lack of competence normally directed toward other men, and the becomes classified in some primitive sense as being like another male.

How do men satisfy their need to demonstrate assertiveness and confidence in a relationship with an equally powerful mate? The key, for both men and women, is to acknowledge the separate-but-equal structures and skills of each gender. And here, the woman's movement offers men an effective model. In the early years, feminists first affirmed what men had created in women—their expressiveness and empathy—and then encouraged men's self-awareness to gain a foothold in the working world. Similarly, men need to celebrate anew the positive value of male qualities that have been repeatedly buried—their natural aggressiveness, urge to dominate, and love of male—then augment their social awareness with a skill more common to women: sensitivity to their own and others' emotions. To armor and keep an assertive female—the thinking man's trophy wife—the aspiring alpha male needs to acquire a new power: psychological potency.

This new reality narrative is critical to this transitional moment in the culture's gender experiment. According to Drew Westen, a psychologist at Harvard, men born before the 1950s may find it daunting to do so. "It's not surprising," says Westen, "that a couple's unacknowledged motives can be at cross-purposes, not only within themselves but with each other."

How do we argue the psychic chaps to handle this conflict? "It's like asking, 'How do you grow up?' a psychologist told me. He was implying, of course, that, as in Zen Buddhism, the answer is contained in the question. A sense of control—over one's surroundings, feelings, and inner needs and desires—is central to psychological autonomy. To be able to admit that you want the soft Mommy when you're getting too much of the Tiger Lady requires strength and courage, even if most men wouldn't think of it that way.

Men may be able to contribute the most to resolving this dilemma. During moments of stress, we often assume rudimentary motives to our partner's behavior—explanations that have more to do with our own unexpressed fears and feelings than with what's really going on. By acknowledging what troubles us, we can achieve reciprocity over unconscious processes. In turn, we can short-circuit the primitive defenses that cause us to retreat into sadness, or a nagging sense of inadequacy into nasty arguments on our sides.

Understanding how unsexily differently men and women respond to emotion and conflict is crucial here. Men are frequently oblivious to their internal search—an advantage while searching for air-crash victims in too few of water but a serious impediment to intimacy. Women often assume emotional confidence as a way of communicating, while men, attempting these ventures as personal attacks, either shift into hypercritical-fight mode or flee. When an argument escalates, many men experience "flooding," an inundation of emotions from which they can retreat only by withdrawing. But implicit in this withdrawal is a sense of superiority—echoing the dominating traits deployed by men who show mate-value discrepancy—and anger toward their men's deepest feelings. "When men aren't

driving rather than fleeing, putting a filter on emotions in the workplace, and developing a problem-solving approach to conflicts—capacities that have long served men so well. And men can still teach women how to act upon desire for the sake of simple, playful pleasure. Despite all the warring of emotional capital bonds, each sex still has something that the other desperately wants."

A wise old friend, a married psychiatrist, told me recently, "When men feel adequate, you never hear them talk about masculinity. It's when they

feel less than capable that you hear a lot of talk about this thing called 'masculinity.' Like Achilles, the Greek co-founder of manliness, men who forget regularly to deconstruct masculinity could mean profoundly that their energies away from self-absorption toward practical problem solving. They might then come upon the middle of their relationship to the New Woman—expanding their understanding of themselves, deepening their respect for her, and sharing in her glory the way women have, traditionally shared in their husbands'.

For men, the challenges of the modern relationship have never been more daunting, that the struggle for those willing to compete according to the new rules will have never been more gratifying: the prospect of a two-income family, the richness of an erotic life with a sexually sensitive mate, the opportunity for greater intimacy and involvement with one's children. Perhaps the most significant finding of the Great Study's Harvard grads was that the most accomplished men typically enjoyed long and satisfying relationships with their spouses, great success had not been won at the expense of poor marriages and neglected children. Embracing challenge, seeking our risk, and channeling their natural aggression into business, sports, and community affairs, they proved lucky at work and in love.

The aspiring alpha male at the millennium would be wise to emulate them. ■

Men also should off their inherent talents by sharing them with their wives. Both then the merits of

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On a brilliant afternoon in the Chihuahuan Desert a few miles west of El Paso, Border Patrol agent Corey Hodges questions three suspected illegal aliens. Hodges detained the group and later sent them back to Juarez, a process he repeats as many as twice daily.

border war

Light-years from the majestic halls where immigration policy is decreed, lawmen, desperadoes, smugglers, cowboys, hookers, and other real people still wake up every morning in the Wild West. A monthlong adventure on the great divide. By John Taylor. Photographs by Antonin Kratochvil.





Gonzales said, gunning with his hat, is Anapra, a burgeoning colony, or shantytown, where a gang known as Anapra Thirteen preys on illegal immigrants, robbing, raping, and killing them. The border's Pacific railway runs across the basin a mere thirty yards from the border, and the gang regularly plunders its boxcars. "If we see them—and I've come across guys carrying refrigerators, couches, stereo—they'll run across the border and give us the finger. Or throw rocks. Or shoot at us. Nothing we can do. The Mexican police say it's not their problem, because the crime occurred on our side."

We crossed the tracks and came upon a mountain agave named Corey Hodges. He had a blond mustache and a leucine mustache, and he showed us about, leaning over his horse to spit. He had seen some illegal humans run over the border and suggested we "bush up" and wait for them to make their move. We sat on the horses back in the cactus. The temperature crested into degrees. Flies swarmed. The saddles created. The horses tried to graze on the cactus's acidic leaves. The agave's walker-takes splintered with fragments of dialogue.

"That's two! Those they are! Let's go!" Corey suddenly shouted. He spurred his horse into a gallop. I didn't see what he had seen, but I lashed my horse with the reins and it broke into a gallop as well. The chase was genuinely exhilarating—pure drill. I leaned over the horse's neck, which plunged with each stride. Its hooves thudded on the desert floor. It moved around brush and flipped across run. The wind pulled at my hair—the front hairs flipped back, just as in the westerns—and then it flew off.

Corey clattered across a moonlit gulch and pulled his horse up at a mesquite bush. When I reached him, he had cornered a Mexican couple. He nudged us to headquarters and, to prevent the couple from bolting, pulled his horse

I WAS ONLY EARLY APRIL AND NOT yet mid-morning, but out in the Chihuahuan Desert, five miles west of El Paso, the sun already generated a fierce white heat. I rolled down my sleeves and congratulated myself for bringing a hat. In front of me, Joe Gonzales, the head of one of the Border Patrol's mounted units, was carefully dressed. "Let's move," he said, then kicked his horse into a trot. I did the same, and we rode out across a mesa toward the border to hunt for illegal aliens.

Gonzales is a portly, affable man, and when the horses slowed, he leaned in the saddle to explain that his mission that morning was to "cut for signs," to move in a direction perpendicular to the flow of illegal, a strategy that would enable him to detect any recent movement. The border along the mesa was defined only by a rusted barbed-wire fence and a mud-dirt road that ran parallel to it. At a place where the wire had been pulled apart, Gonzales sensed some tracks. "They're old," he said. "You can tell new signs because it shines. The dirt crystals reflect more light, since they've been scattered in different directions and the wind hasn't blown them all straight. It's like when you rub velvet."

A Border Patrol agent on an all-terrain vehicle with far doughier tires drove up. He was wearing a white helmet and crumpled wraparound sunglasses. He and Gonzales discussed different shoe tracks. Border Patrol agents carry a sheet of paper with twenty-seven different types of shoe prints, including cowboy-boot pointed toe, cowboy-boot rounded toe, sidewall humpback, tread humpback, plain with nails, plain with stitching, wire mesh, bad shoe, waffle, chevron, Vibram, wavy line, and soccer. The agent on the ATV said he and his partner had been picking up a truck that he called sunburnt, and he asked Gonzales to be on the lookout for it. Then he gunned his vehicle in a circle, spraying red dust, and took off.

We walked the horses along the top of the mesa, descended the steep cliff line—the horses looking up and as they descended severely downhill—and came out in a dusty basin covered with mesquite and creosote. Across the border,



Life on the line (clockwise from bottom right): Growing on the head-drawn ferry at Los Alamos, where the author almost drowned; young boys in custody on the Texas side in Del Rio; a Border Patrol agent "cutting for signs" at dusk in El Paso; riding the brush for cover, a man crosses a ravine into Douglas, Arizona, the hot spot on the border this year.



Like in this "border town" of several hundred bars at night, there is little chance of tourists to this town.



in a prancing endstep back and forth in front of them. Joe Gonzalez continued to nod and nod the man and woman. "They're Coahuilans," he said. "They live in the mountains to the south. Sometimes the whole tribe comes up here to beg. They go to Wigners to buy things for the mountains."

"They don't want to move here?" I asked.

"No."

The couple continued to crouch in the shade of the motorcycle. The man, who was short and barrel-chested, had on a red running jacket. The woman carried a plastic Pepsi bottle full of water. Both of them, appearing before the mounted agent, were grinning. I had expected them to be frightened or indignant, but they acted as if their own bad luck amused them, as if being caught was a minor setback in a diverting game they had plenty of time to play.

I asked the man where he was from.

"Matamor."

"Why had he come across?"

"To visit my brother."

A Chevy Suburban in Border Patrol-green bounced toward us across the desert, trailing a cone of dust. When it arrived, the illegals aggressively signed a voluntary departure order, meaning they would simply be driven back to the border and set free. As they climbed into the back of the Suburban, I asked the man when he would try to cross again.

He shrugged. "Matamor," he said.

WILD WEST THE MEXICAN BORDER is the most militarized region in this country. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Border Patrol, the DEA, local constabularies, the Texas Rangers, the FBI, and the National Guard all police it in various ways, using, in addition to horses and ATVs, a/s, Humvees, twenty-one-speed mountain bicycles, Blackhawk helicopters, tethered reconnaissance balloons, Lockheed P-3s, Cessna Citations, Blackhawk helicopters equipped with forty-million-candlepower searchlights, sonic sensors, video monitors, infrared radar, and image-enhancing lenses.

But this immense army is employed in what is, for the most part, an elaborate charade. Though the INS last year apprehended 137 million illegal aliens along the U.S.-Mexican border (a million got through without being caught), the vast majority of them were Mexican citizens, so the Border Patrol simply returned them to the border and let them go. There is something grotesquely absurd—once coarse, horrible, and pointless—about chivving down illegal aliens only to release them and immediately repeat the process. But, like all true absurdities, this charade merely represents the logical extension of a reasonable premise: We chase



Working in the mountains, a migrant worker, at last, has a way out for an illegal alien crossing.



A migrant worker, at last, has a way out for an illegal alien crossing.



Agent Gerry Hopkins (right) and a partner patrol the desert near El Paso.

down and release illegal aliens because we have no choice. We can't actually control the 1,600 miles of Mexican-American border, but we have to pretend we can, because if we let the rest of the world begin to think we can't, the means of illegal immigration truly would become a flood.

The problem, of course, is that the border is really just a legal proposition. Its national existence created anxiety as far back as 1848, when, in a debate at the Texas Constitutional Convention about whether to grant ethnic Mexicans the right to vote, the representative from Harris County warned, "Someday they will soon move in. . . . Two, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand may come in here and swamp you at the ballot box, though you are invulnerable in arms. This is no sick dream, no bugbear. It is the truth."

Someday they will come. . . . One hundred and fifty-one years later, the four percent Mexican and indigenous again began to infuse border rhetoric a decade ago, when the Simpson-Munro immigration-reform bill was first proposed and the North American Free Trade Agreement began to be debated seriously. Since then, the border has emerged not just as a reference point for trade and immigration issues but as a battleground in the culture wars. During this year's Republican primaries, former Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander proposed defending the border with an entirely new branch of the military. Pat Buchanan suggested erecting a Great Wall to secure it, and Bob Dole joined it with the sort of ideological grime as a trip to the Berlin Wall would have worried thirty years ago.

But the politicization of the border has obscured it as a place. Who lives there? Why? How does the presence of the imaginary line shape their lives? To get a sense of what life along the border is really like, I spent twenty-seven days traveling from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego. I stuck to border towns, I talked to illegal aliens, protest marchers, park rangers, my guides. I asked everyone I met what the border means to them. The border is artificial, I was told. And the border divides, but it also unites, the border is a police state, the border is an opportunity, the border is like a separate country—it has very little to do with either Mexico or the U.S. My favorite response—the one that seemed the most accurate and vivid—came from Border Patrol agent Joe Gonzalez, who told me, "The border is the one place where the Wild West still lives."

CROSSING THE BERING ISLAND OF THE WILD West was the struggle for control of the land. Immigration and immigration reform represent a continuation of that struggle. Neglected in this current immigration debate is just how long that struggle has gone on and just how tenuous and brief American control of the border region has been.

The Spanish first scouted the area late in the sixteenth century, living on pueblos, or land-grant ranches, the boundaries of which often spread out on both sides of the Rio Grande. For the 150 years before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which established the current border, El Paso was an entirely Mexican city. When Amer-

team didn't begin to appear in the area in significant numbers until the early twentieth century, when increased migration led to an influx of immigrants. Rivera: "Celia's migration called this movement 'the largest migration of humans beings that has ever taken place since history began to be recorded.' The word of white citizens provoked the widely forgotten insurrections that began in 1923, a series of armed uprisings suppressed by the Texas Rangers that resulted in the deaths of 106 Anglos and as many as 5,000 ethnic Mexicans."

I first got a feeling for the border region's complex history of ownership and allegiance when I stopped at Los Ebanos, a small village as the Rio Grande severely narrows west of Brownsville. I had gone to Los Ebanos to cross the river on the hand-pulled ferry still in service there. When I arrived late one afternoon, the landing was deserted, and the iron-bulldog ferry was pulled up on the bank via TRANSLATING AFTER 4 P.M., read a small sign.

I was leaning against the hood of my car, wondering what to do, when a pickup pulled into the adjacent field. A man in a straw cowboy hat and grease-streaked jeans got out. He introduced himself as Aaron Rojas. He said he owned the property around the landing. He assured I was waiting for someone to cross illegally. It didn't bother him. "Everybody crosses here," he said. "More people have come to the United States through here than through Ellis Island. I've seen all kinds of people cross—English, French, Chinese. We should put up a mass statue of Liberty here."

His family, he went on, had owned land on both sides of the river for almost two centuries. For most of that time,

keep myself in line with the ferry rope that spanned the river.

When I came ashore on the Mexican side, the girl was delighted. She had large, dark eyes and seemed to be about twelve. "Narciso!" she shouted again.

"Welcome," I said. We both laughed. After a couple of minutes, I started back, but I soon realized my strength was flagging. I hadn't rested long enough. Although I continued trying to swim upstream, I was gradually being pulled downstream. The ferry rope passed over my head. Three quarters of the way across, I was swept into the rippling eddy I had sensed below the launch. It was, I discovered, a countercurrent, a place where a deep change in the river marked in the oncoming water while at the same time forcing downstream water backward in on top of it.

I felt myself sinking. I thought for a second that I was simply exhausted, but then I realized that the countercurrent was pulling me under. It was as if I had been attached to my legs. The flow of water bubbled noisily in my ears. The sun danced wildly on the green river. I had to fight to keep my head above water. My breath rasped and my knees cramped. I was kicking but making no headway.

I was going to drown right in front of the girl in the white T-shirt. There is nothing as pathetic, as ridiculous, as unwillingly to provide sympathy as a death brought about by the decanter's mystery. In a desperate panic, I looked out and, using the last of my strength, I thrashed through the water to the bank and, wheezing, grasped at the muddy tree roots.

I WAS GOING TO DROWN RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE WHITE T-SHIRT.

Rojas crossed back and forth casually. The family lost some land in the twenties, Aaron said, when an Anglo land speculator murdered the family's grandfather and claimed the property for himself. Subsequent through whatever had reduced the parcel further. His land is now too small to farm, so he works as a registered nurse. But it remains important to him.

"I built a jerry downtown with a backhoe, and I go fishing," he said. "I back my pickup down there, drop the outgate, raise an umbrella, and put out a line. The Border Patrol comes by and hassles me. They think I'm waiting for dope smugglers. I say, 'Take off, this is my land.'"

When Aaron left, I walked down to the river. It was only about seventy-five yards walk at that point, lined on both banks with ash, hackberry, and black-willow trees. The water, chalky green from the vast Texas limestone and purged by the late-afternoon sun, moved slowly, but friskily. I could see the sliding ripple of an eddy just below the ferry. A girl in a white T-shirt splashed on the far bank. She waved when she saw me and called, "Narciso!"

As I looked out over the Rio Grande, I was suddenly seized with the urge to swim across it. It somehow seemed central to the entire enterprise. The riverbank was steep and muddy, and the river, when I dove in, was cold but not too cold. The current was stronger than I had expected, but I struck out and, by swimming upstream, was able to

After a minute, I pulled myself out. I could taste river silt. My throat burned, and I had a blinding headache—but I was alive. That was all that mattered at the moment. The metaphorical implications of nearly drowning—while swimming the Rio Grande came to the days ahead.

THE BUST THE NEXT DAY, I DROVE THROUGH THE onion fields of the Rio Grande Valley—April is harvest season, and trucks spilling onions rumbled past—and into Starr County, where the land begins to rise and the flat alluvial soil gives way to dry creek beds and loose rock. Prickly-pear cacti appeared along the roadside, sprawling beside abandoned two-stands and behind convenience stores. A gritty wind seemed to blow continuously shredded plastic bags flustered against hurricane fences. Starr County is the second poorest county in the nation. Its air of futility, of men and women trying and failing to secure a purchase on life, is almost palpable.

But Starr County is not without its possum niche. Amid its general architecture of elegance—behind the sparkling supply warehouse, even next to the city dump—sit implausibly opulent new mansions. They have marbled roofs and vaulted windows, arched doors, tennis courts, seven-car garages, and swimming pools and decks adorned with Victorian gas lamps. They are owned by people who have embraced the notion that for those who [continued on page 131]

**MEN ARE FROM EARTH.
WOMEN ARE FROM EARTH.**

END OF STORY.



JOHN WALKER RED LABEL

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live and sleep. "It's so different. I just eat the same veg, 500 calories. I've used to drink beer. I'd want to see on the show and not know. It's like a straight-up."

CLITS AND CLORY

Lisa is a pretty, blonde beauty—your MVP quarterback's lady. She's kicked the pills and stopped on the road, as the 's, ready to change the Super Bowl home to a new one. But Lisa's heart is in the game. It's like it's your play at a time.

By Kristin Hume



The first pack: Fave may not know as the golf course with Chewy, left, and Perry, but on the field back number 4 is in his hands.

times on the back? (A top-tier seller for NFL Properties) They couldn't even pronounce your name four years ago (Pey: Fave? No, Fave, rhymes with cow), but they need you now. Baseball's dead, you star! really bet on hockey and basketball saves its best seats for Jack and Wilcoy and JFK Jr. Flyers and franchises move around more than military wives. Owned Cleveland Browns season tickets? Tough, pal. Bought a Shaq Orlando Magic jersey? Sorry, loser. The only thing you can count on is that the Packers will play football in Green Bay, just as they have since 1919. The fans own the team. Nobody's moving them unless they hold the whole town down, too.

So let's go, kid. Confit! Tell them about the pills you popped until it got well, out of hand, and how you had a seizure that scared your daughter; and how you went to a costume contest in the middle of Kansas, and how the NFL took away your alcohol—see Mike Lustig for two years. Or talk about the time you lived until the new season. You know what's next: Fox will put you in the studio, under that soft blue light. Maybe you and Samerzell can trade recovery stories ("Step five was a bruise, Pat"). They'll call it "MY? My Worlfin Problem" and hire John Lish to write the score.

"Sweetest son of a..."

"To everyone else, what happened to me was a big deal," he told me two days after that press conference. "To me, it wasn't. I'm no different. I still eat the same way. Still want to drink beer. Still want to wear my flip-flops and not shave. Nothing's changed."

But the counselors...

"I fought with them every day. I mean, I put a hole in the wall because I was ready to leave. I told them, 'Look, I'm tired of hearing to your shit. You don't know me.'"

Grab your jacks. The kid's come to play.

"YOU SUZZIN', KID?"

"I'm buzzin', kid."

Nothing like a pinch of fiscal to get the juices flowing. Best Fave sports and ditches a golf club. This is the first week in May, the heart of the NFL off-season, and Fave and Mark Chavira, the Packers' All-Pro tight end, agree: in some golf following their morning workout in Green Bay.

At the fair yet, Chewy-Chewy?—was as index

finger against his nose, bends over, and blows a nose rooster.

That's nice, kid," Fave says.

Just coming loose, what's wrong with that? Earlier, Fave tried to dispassion Chewy in the clubhouse—it's one of his favorite games—but Chewy was steady. You've got to watch Fave. He'll wait until you're in the stall, poked on the toilet, then dump a bucket of ice water on your head.

How can you get mad? His laughter is too innocent. Look at him—tall, six two, the brown hair finger-combed, like Timothy Hutton in *Ordinary People*, the face covered with an Ambrosio stubble, not for effect but because he'd rather not shave, the idiosyncrasy more like his. No than Luke Perry, the workaholic of all. Chewy thinks, T-shirts, and they sleep, this voice deep with a Mississippi Gulf Coast drawl that could talk Rocky Thacher into whitewashing a fence. He's having fun.

It's the same way when he first a touchdown pass. He's no Cool Hand Luke like Montana, no Robo CQB like Auburn, no Golden Archer Boy like Backus. Fave's a jazz artist, all improv: impossible not to watch, because one way or another five TDs or five INTs—he's going to blow the house down. He dives into the end zone for a touchdown with the clock running out and a playoff berth on the line. He seizes pass to his left and hovers the ball across his body to the right for a forty-yard winning touchdown. He goes back to play, trips, gets up, and in one motion finds a completion. He just football the way film like to think they would play football.

He's back in the end zone again, seven years later, on a frozen field (what else?) in Green Bay, now Pittsburgh Steelers coach a Fave's pebble. He breaks a blood vessel in his esophagus and staggered to the sidelines.

"Fave's bleeding," a trainer told Packers head coach Mike Holmgren.

"Okay, how much is he bleeding?"

Fave returned for the next play and threw a touchdown to Chewy. Chewy now looks a pat.

"You own that hole, kid," Fave says.

This is the life. This is what you do when you're twenty-seven years old, make 12.8 million a year, and can throw seventy yards on a line. People will pay \$200 for a helmet with your autograph on it. Doctors invite you to smudge with them. Women send amazing things like: "Here's the photograph of that lady wearing only a cowboy hat and boots, sitting spread-eagled on a chair? Life is just goldin' and goodin' and... whenever the hell you want!"

They were in Phoenix a couple of years ago, Fave and Chewy didn't have a game, wanted to play some golf, so they just went. "Goldin' and goodin'... saw a tennis player. What the hell. Fave drew the design—the Superman logo. Now he and Chewy have matching Superman tattoos.

Too bad Percy wasn't there. Percy is center. Fresh Winners, Fave's roommate during training camp and road games. "My hands are under Percy's butt a hundred times a day," Fave says. "I have a unique job and so does he."

The Three Amigos—Percy, Chewy, and Kid. They're great-time guys, in it. "We just don't give a shit," Fave says. They work hard, play every game. Fave has started sixty-one straight, the longest active streak among NFL quarterbacks. "The way we've always looked at it," Chewy says, "take your three best guys, and we'll take in three, and we'll whip your ass in a fight."

America's quarterback? Growing up in Kilo, Mississippi, Fave dreamed of playing for the Dallas Cowboys. They are now his greatest nemesis.

What a life—downs on spring break, Annual House in shoulder pads, just goldin' and goodin', lookin' and fuckin'—oh, yes, Fave can turn the quarterback ball room into a Forts Forti at the Texas State Fair. He had so much fun at the drug-instrument center that a staff member took him aside. "Then, there's stuff we can give you for that."

He's now, riskin', exactly. Tell him a joke, he'll mispronounce by asking if you've heard of the new book *Willie Salts on the Wall* by I. P. Freely. Seventh-grade material. But there's such a punny about him that you laugh right along.

Like that Packers-Raiders game in Green Bay. Cold enough to freeze him. Fave calls a time-out to curse it with Holmgren. He goes to the sidelines and bursts out laughing.

"What?" Holmgren says. "What?"

"Mike, you've got a fifteen shield of shit all over your damn mistake."

BACK ON THE NINE-HOLE COURSE, FAVE SINKS A PUTT ON the last hole to beat Chewy by a stroke. "Nice time, kid," Fave says. During the next round, the goody-pat is gone. Fave is angry, increasingly agitated with the group in front of him—why are they so damn slow? After four holes, he has had enough.

This personality change is surprisingly abrupt, but others have seen it before—his wife, Deanna, their daughter, Brittany, seven, his parents, even Percy and Chewy. They were worried about him, especially Deanna.

"I was cleaning out the closet," she says in their home in Green Bay. "I found a bunch of little packs kind of rolled up in there. A week later, they'd all be gone. I'd think, 'Jeez, that's a lot of pain pills.' So I started asking him, and he got real defensive. I just kept asking him like that."



GRAB YOUR JACK, KID, THEY'RE COMING to play. First quarter, right out of the chain—they want it all. You got some?

This is it, one chance to ask Fave. Fave about his addiction to prescription pain pills, then everyone will return to what matters most: bringing a Super Bowl championship to Green Bay for the first time in twenty-nine years. ESPN and three local stations are carrying this mega press conference live—and they're paying. They want more! They want contention! They want Opanbi! Face it, kid, they want your sorry Cypri sit down on the floor, begging America for forgiveness!

They'll forgive, too, in a heartbeat they will. Forget the Packer line. You own them. You throw thirty-eight touchdowns passes in a season, the cheerleaders won't care if you sniff glue in the huddle. But you're national now, kid. You're the Most Valuable Player on the National Football League. You're the star quarterback on the last hometown team in America. You're the hero who will play the Dallas/Nick/Texas/Pepsi Plaza Hot Cowboys and bring the Lombardi Trophy home to its rightful one on Lombardi Avenue in the town Vince Lombardi made famous.

See them standing outside? Those sweaty guys with the dewy doofus grin, the ones wearing the authentic navy green jerseys with the number 4 on the front and

Superman had found his kryptonite: Vicodin, a narcotic painkiller that makes some people growl than crouch. Brown's brother, doctors call it, but it's also a favorite of NFL players. You get the hell back out of you week after week, you need something to keep playing.

Brett Favre kept playing, whatever it took, despite a first-degree separated shoulder (in Philadelphia, 1993), a deep thigh bruise (in Tampa Bay, 1995), a hernia (entire 1994 season), a concussion (in Pittsburgh, 1995 preseason), and a sprained ankle that resulted to the size of a grapefruit (in Minnesota, 1995). Each time, he either led the Packers to a win or came back and played near the next week.

Last year, he was always stressed out. "Dennis says, 'He wanted to make sure he didn't lose what he had. He always worried. I get to do it, I get to do it,'" he remembers.

The pills changed him. He stayed up all night, fatigue attacks, couldn't stop to sit still. Dennis remembers the fights. "He was very mean—'Don't talk to me, don't look at me.' I couldn't say anything. We didn't communicate at all."

Every time she discovered a new stash, Dennis threw some away hoping Brett wouldn't notice, but a dad's nose to matter. She kept finding more. Where were they coming from? Other players, certainly. "They try to take care of each other," she says. That's essentially what former Procter John Jankovic told the author of the book *Ram in Glory*. "If any quarterback comes to me and says, 'Hey, tight me up,' it's a no-brainer. You got to love the Vils."

Dennis couldn't let him think that. She said he had to stop. If he didn't, the world moves away from Green Bay, away from Brett and the pills—and she would take Brittany. "Everybody thinks Brett's so tough, but they haven't met me yet."

In February, as he was recovering from ankle surgery at a hospital in Green Bay, Favre suffered a seizure. Dennis yelled at the nurse to make sure he didn't swallow his tongue.

"Gods, I mean, we were in shock. Brittany just kept saying, 'To my daddy going to die? Is my daddy going to die?' It was really scary for both of us."

Three months later, Brett was on television, playing a statement. "Throughout the last couple of years, in playing with pain and injuries and suffering numerous surgeries, I probably became dependent on medication."

The next day, it was all over, he was on a private plane, headed to the Menninger Clinic, a psychiatric hospital in Topeka, Kansas, that helps addicts. He looked scared. He looked like he gave a shit.

HE LEFT HAD BECOME UNMANAGEABLE

He had been at the Menninger Clinic, what, a month? and the bastards wouldn't let him leave. They refused to let him go to the Packers' June training camp. He told them to let him go, all right. Punched a hole in the wall just in case they missed the point.

But they still let the hammer down. They wouldn't even let him go home for the very first Brett Favre Celebrity Golf Tournament. You're not Mr. MVP here, they told him.

Yeah, well, the very first day, somebody behind the bench counted at the clinic asked for his autograph. He went out to a motorcade home. Mile some.

The counselors kept talking about denial. He wasn't denying anything. He had a problem, sure, but hadn't he quit taking the Vicodin on his own, in February, after the seizure? He'd be agreed to enter the NFL substance-abuse

program? To do what the NFL-approved doctors told him so he wouldn't be suspended for three games?

So that's how he got to Menninger. He didn't know what to expect, but he had his own room, a television, and access to a kitchen. The other patients were nice, not the gutter bums he had expected. "Fortunately, my problem never got as bad as everyone there. A couple of the therapists I met with there were not even sure that it was a problem yet."

He never used pills on game day. He thought people should know that. He used them during the week, when his body hurt so much he could barely walk. Yes, he asked other players for pills, but it wasn't as if he was running the locker room, begging. Like a junkie. That wasn't the Cowboy. Michael Irvin getting caught in a hotel room with cocaine.

The therapists disagreed. An addiction is an addiction. Recovery requires constant vigilance. Addicts have a disease. "Some of it stuck," Favre says, "but none of what they said went in one ear and out the other."

There were good points. He needed a vacation. It gave him time to think about the people he had hurt. He wanted to be better to Dennis and Brittany. That Brittany. Such a smart kid. Look at the card she sent him: "Daddy, I love you very much and loved how you played football. But most of all, I love how your heart is kind, gentle, and loving."

Once they let him out of here, that would be it. If he got lost this season, he'd take pain medication less addictive than Vicodin. They can talk about having stock bottoms, but he never did. He'd show them.

Brett Favre spent forty-five days at the Menninger Clinic before he was released. The average patient stays twenty. "If we can all forget about this, that would be terrific," he said upon leaving. "Because I have."

It was time to head home, to "the Kill."

HE WAS BORN STUBBORN. WHEN BRETT WAS little, he wouldn't drink water from anyone's cup or eat from anyone's plate or share a bathroom with his brothers.

Big Irv was stubborn, too. Irvin Tatum—Big Irv Brett calls his father—coached football for twenty-four seasons at Hawcock North Central High School, near the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Squat and solid, with a flatcap, Big Irv looks to be if he could crack walnuts on his forehead.

"Stubborn can get you into trouble," Big Irv says. "Stubborn can get you out of trouble, too."

They knew something was wrong, all of them. "You know your kid," Dennis Favre says. They had heard enough from Dennis to know Brett was taking a lot of pain pills. He told them he could handle it.

He always had. You never saw a kid with such wildpower. Every night, before bed, he'd do push ups. Every day he'd run the half mile from the Favre house to the nearest road. He had plans. He had dreams.

That a bad could grow up outside Kila, Mississippi, and appear to a career gambler that once salvaged is respectable. Locals call it the Kill, presumably because "the Dead and Decomposed" has too many syllables. The Kill is, essentially, a casino lights surrounded by a few businesses. There is no town park, no grid of streets, nothing that would suggest a community—just red clay roads that snake off into the vegetation. If there were a welcome sign, it would say, COME ON IN WE TAKE YOU.



Big Irv and Dennis live so close to Roxton Bayou that you can fish for bass from their deck. Brett's seventy-eight-year-old grandmother, Mae Mae, lives in the trailer next to them, Brett's aunt, Kay-Joy, lives in the house next to her. It's a twenty-four-hour family reunion, a twenty-four-hour open house, always somebody ready to hold shrimp and use some beer.

When Brett met Dennis, she was in sixth grade, he in sixth. He asked her what her favorite football team was. The Cowboys, of course. He, too. Cool. They talked on the telephone all night, then describing how he would play for the Cowboys someday. She believed every word of it. She was a good athlete, too. If Brett needed someone to play catch, she was there.

"Don't throw it so dang hard," Big Irv yelled one time as Brett was firing footballs.

"Why?" he shouted back. "She's catchin' 'em."

When Brett went to Southern Mississippi University, Dennis followed. When she got pregnant and had Brittany, she agreed that Brett was too young to get married. When he started as quarterback in the third game of his freshman year,

The Kill fields: "I can go back and no one could care less, I get called a stick dick just like everyone else."

she cheered for him. When he nearly died in a car wreck because the star of his senior year, she was there.

That was July 1995. Favre was a mile from home when he hit some loose gravel, lost control of his car, and flipped down trees, higher than in a NASCAR highlight video. His brother Scott, following behind, smashed the car's windshield with a golf club and pulled him out. Brett was a mess—a fractured vertebra, a severe concussion, cuts, and bruises. He was barely conscious in his hospital room when he heard a TV announcer: Will Brett Favre ever play football again? He answered to himself: No—he damn right I will.

A month later, doctors removed thirty patches of dead tissue from him. A month after that—four weeks—Favre ran onto Legion Field in Birmingham. He was thirty-five pounds lighter, his uniform sagged, and even the eighty thousand Alabama fans cheered his courage.

"I had chili bumps ready to break out of my skin. That's the reason. Finally, I went out there and I told the guys, 'Look, we're getting ready to whip Alabama's ass.' They're looking at me. Shit's falling off me. My uniform doesn't fit me. My

teammates were crying. It was unbelievable."

Southern Miss won, 27-24. Sometimes Brett's mother wonders if that's when it started, the pain and her son's will against to do whatever it took to feel that chili bumps again.

NOTHING CAME EASY. HE GOT THE LAST FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP. Southern Mississippi had to offer only because another player returned out. In a big game his sophomore year, his first pass was picked off by Deion Sanders—Prime Time was at Florida State then—and returned for a touchdown. That Alabama game? "Tear play. I drop back so throw, and I get hit right in the hole." Favre says.

He was first born, the shockbuilding QB. He liked the fringe. Party all night, play ball all day. It's a football archetype that stuck back to Bobby Layne. Look at the Packers. Didn't Max McGee catch two touchdowns passes in Super Bowl I despite a hangover?

Favre was drafted in the second round by the Atlanta Falcons. Prime Time was there and gave him the nickname Country Time, but it could just as easily have been Miller

Esquire Style Agenda

Time Fiver sampled more bar tabs than prostate maps in Atlanta. When he was fired, a cop for missing a team photo, he told head coach Jerry Glavinelli he had been delayed by a car wreck. "You are a car wreck," Glavinelli replied. "Who gave a shit? He wasn't going to play anyway."

So the Fiver's cheerleader howled in 1990 when the Green Bay general manager traded a first-round draft pick for Fiver, that good-time Charlie, who had thrown exactly five passes in the NFL, with a completion percentage of one.

Fiver was smart enough to know he wasn't going to play in Green Bay, either. The starting quarterback was Jim Lincecum. Don Majkowski, the "Majic Man," Fiver would hold a clipboard. That lasted until the third game, when Majkowski was injured. With thirteen seconds left, Fiver threw a thirty-five-yard touchdown pass and the Packers won by a point. Poof! The Majic Man was gone. Fiver has started every game since.

There would be no more anonymous identities for the Three Amigos, no more road trips for a hole eating knee. Not when you lead the Packers to four straight winning seasons and three consecutive playoffs, not when you come within a quarter of beating the Dallas Cowboys and playing in the Super Bowl, not when you return glory to a team that had gone up-say-a-bunch-and-fall.

Now every time you see a Lambda Field, an autograph has been found, their arms outstretched, their mouths open like baby birds awaiting supper, saying, "Bret! Bret! Bret! Please, Bret!" Now if you ever appear in public, there is always somebody waiting to "huck you off."

That's what the Three Amigos call it, the constant Glemgo, it's you, you're the greatest football player who ever lived. Don't get those wrong—they love Green Bay, thank the furs are the best in the world, but it's tough to stay current in the Give-a-Shit Club when somebody's shlobbering on you.

"That's why I love to go back home," Fiver says. "It's all people who don't give a shit. It keeps me sane. I can go back and no one could care less. It's like, hey, you're just one of us. I am called 'Bret' and I like the way they call everyone else."

Just another thick duck who cared so little he occasionally hyperventilated during college games. Who got so pumped during the NFC championship game last year he threw a couple of early passes out into the receiver's bread. Who is tagged that the Packers haven't renegotiated his contract to that 60-million-a-year figure the other top QBs get. Who wonders why he doesn't get the endorsement contracts other NFL stars do. Who took pain pills rather than risk losing out a game and losing some other kid and his job.

Fiver has a childlike faith in his own ability and a childlike fear that it can all go away. Nobody knows how hard it is to get to the top and how hard it is to stay on top. Now that I'm here, it doesn't make a bit easier.

As a matter of fact, it can get down complicated. The Miller Time reputation was always exaggerated—well, mostly exaggerated—but the NFL doctors told Fiver he couldn't drink alcohol for two years as part of his treatment plan. Perky and Chewy say they'll drink Cokes with their penguin pants, which Fiver calls a nice but unnecessary gesture. He'll keep alcohol in his house.

"We're still going to have good times," Fiver says. "As long as I'm in this program, I can't drink. That could be two weeks, it could be two years, I don't know. I'll tell you what—when there had some pretty good times. They're not over with, I can promise you that."

There's one good game in particular that Fiver dreams of now. He wants another date with Prime Time. Someday, he says, the Packers are finally going to beat the Cowboys—they've lost seven straight—and go to the Super Bowl. "We know we'll win a Super Bowl, we really do," Fiver says. "I think it's going to be this year. It's close."

TELLTOWN, JULY 1996
I saw a man with a Packer logo stitched into his polo shirt. I heard a woman amplify her son, "Be aggressive!" Before dispatching them for autographs, I saw a man leaping through Lundy's football magazine. I saw a woman grab Reggie White's hand and shout, "Thank you so much for being a Christian in Wisconsin!" ("You're welcome," the Minister of Defense said.) I found forty-two businesses in the Green Bay yellow pages with the word Fiver in their name. I saw four thousand people wedged against the practice gear for the opening of training camp at 9:30 on a Sunday morning. I heard them cheer wildly when Fiver completed his first training-camp pass to a receiver who was not being covered.

Fiver didn't even notice them, he was distressed. Deanna had called that morning with terrible news—Bret's brother Scott was in a car wreck. He would be fine, but Mark Hatterson, one of Bret's best friends, was killed. "I didn't need to hear that," Fiver says. An early lesson in how to play with pain.

He was still looking forward to training camp. Put the summer behind him, prove everyone wrong. "I think this year is going to be excellent," Deanna says. "I've got my old Bret back."

The Fivers have moved into a bigger, more remote home in Green Bay. She says there is so much cancer now. He has a foundation to help charities. He spends more time with his family and would like three more kids. His married. Back in May, when everyone was wondering how best to disclose Fiver's drug treatment, Brittany interrupted with a question: "When are you going to ask Mommy to marry you?"

On July 14, sixteen days after he left the Hattersons, Bret Fiver married Deanna. Byers at St. Agnes Catholic Church in Green Bay. They had been dating for twelve years.

"She has been there every single time I needed her," Fiver says. "Somebody wondered why I didn't sign a prenuptial. You know what, all the shit Deanna's had to go through with me, she's carried it half of everything."

He's still dreaming. He still isn't himself, leading the last homecoming game in America on the field for Super Bowl XXXI. It will be held on January 14 in the Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans, less than an hour from Baton Rouge. Everyone will be watching the quarterback with his hands perched under Porky's ass, the one with the Super-man tattoo under his shoulder pad, the one who acts as if severity can be found one play at a time.

But the hair's grown up, he's lost his head and up. Bret Fiver knows he can look in the stands and find the reeking women with black hair and green eyes, the one who'll ad-lib on the phone while listening to him spit his dreams when he was a boy. He knows he can find the smart little girl who likes *Love Lady* Goosebumps books, and sitting on her dad's back when he does his mighty push-ups. When the game is over, when he takes off that helmet, when the fans have stopped cheering, Deanna and Brittany will be there.

They get a shit, and M

A Special Anniversary Presentation For Esquire Readers



Changes Afoot

Florsheim takes a step forward with a revolutionary retailing concept. The new store took debut in early September with the reopening of the company's Herald Square, New York City, location. The easy-to-shop environment blends fashion and function in a relaxed, unfettered atmosphere. Displays by

category showcase the updated Florsheim collections, including Comfortech Maintenance-Free casuals. Perfect for a dress-down workplace, these waterproof styles maintain their good looks without time-consuming upkeep.

International Style

HANRO of Switzerland, maker of fine men's underwear, showcases its HANRO Colors collection of T-shirts, boxers, and briefs. Made of the finest mercerized Egyptian cotton, the HANRO collections uphold the highest standards in fabrics, European styling, fit, and performance. To discover the HANRO difference, visit these national retailers: Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue. For additional information, call 800-889-7413.

The Bourbon Experience

Experience the world of truly fine bourbon whiskey. The Small Batch Bourbon Collection is an exclusive line of ultra-premium bourbons—Booker's, Baker's, Basil Hayden's, and Knob Creek. Made in limited quantities and aged from six to nine years, each embodies the rich flavor and heritage that is unique to Kentucky bourbons. If you are interested in learning more about this world of rarefied bourbons, call 800-4KB-CIRCLE and inquire about a free membership in the Kentucky Bourbon Circle.



In the Driver's Seat on Fifth Avenue

Visit the General Motors showroom on Fifth Avenue during October for the automaker's fall fashion exhibit by Robert Isabella. In conjunction with GM's sponsorship of 7th on Sixth, New York's premier fashion event, the exhibit will support Concept, Cure. This fund-raising effort to combat breast cancer features one-of-a-kind cars styled by such designers as Richard Tyler, Todd Oldham, Arno Su, Mark Olsen, and Nicole Miller. These cars will be unveiled during women's fashion week, October 28—November 2, in the GM showrooms.



THE AUCTION

Since that unlucky day in Dallas, JFK's life had been a little sedentary. The time had come to get his golf clubs back. Fiction by Robert Olen Butler

WHEN WE TURNED ONTO SEVENTH Street and saw what awaited us, my handler flinched, and he tightened his grip on the wheel. I suspect he wanted to accelerate on by and about the whole plot. But he knew the Director had stayed in and he looked at me.

"Are you sure, Mr. President?" he said.

The only thing you could see of Seabury's was a white awning. The front of the building had completely disappeared behind television trucks and satellite dishes. It was a risk, of course, but things that Jackie and I had lived with were disappearing into the hands of strangers, and it made me feel as if I were dead. The CIA could get me in only on this third day, and I knew well enough already that the 24,000 I'd been able to scrape together from any reason of pocket money probably wouldn't allow me to buy back even a tie clip. But there were other things working on me. I had to go.

We passed an NHK satellite truck bearing to Tokyo and then a BBC truck and I said to my handler, "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price."

"Mr. President?" he said, pressing me to prove I wasn't rambling. He was a very young man.

"You probably never even read my inaugural address," I said.

He was reaching for his cellular phone.

"Dave, you don't have to call. I'm just having a little joke. It's all right. The Director and I talked it over. There's no better place to hide than the glare."

Dave pulled his hand back to the steering wheel. "I'm sorry, Mr. President."

"That's okay, Dave. In case of domestic insurrection the President has contingency plans to go to a safe house in Arlington, Virginia."

His hand went for the phone again.

"Chill out, Dave. That was President Johnson's plan. Old news. I said that on purpose as a joke."

"I respectfully request that you don't joke like that, Mr. President."

My handler is right to be nervous. After all, loose talk is

why I'm in the position of having to sneak into the public auction of the effects of my late wife. It's why my long-suffering Jackie was led to live, unknown, as a hanger-on, the wife of a Greek who had a face that could stop a thousand ships.

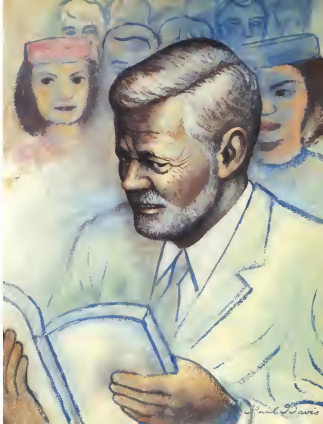
The bullet fired on that fateful afternoon in Dallas killed only the editor in my brain. After that moment, I could not hold my tongue about anything. I woke up on the gurney rolling into the hospital and began at once to disclose all the state secrets of that very sensitive time. Of no use now. But it's far too late to explain any of this to a world that the Agency disseminated quite quickly must never have even momentary access to me.

I completely agreed with the decision. It's only the editor that's gone. My powers to reason are still completely intact, and this was the only reasonable course. Anyone who came near me would become a security risk. And of no import to the CIA but crucial to me, I would have talked endlessly to Jackie about the things that we agreed would never be spoken. Along with the secret details of our foreign policy, the missile and nuclear and terror of all the weapons I'd once known would cease rattling out. There was no choice but to bury the wax dummy in my place. Not only in my reason unapproached, so too my powers to remember. Sweet memory is the best of the great condition of my confinement.

Still, I'm very glad now to be sliding to a stop in front of this white awning. I know I can meet my commitments to silence. I realize that it's still important. I say that what I know is of no use. But I suspect that if I were to speak now of the doomsday rocket six twenty miles north-northeast of Burgdorf, Idaho, in the Gospel Hump Wilderness, I would be speaking of something still in place, though perhaps the target spreads of Moscow, Peking, Pyongyang, and Hanoi would have changed slightly. But I was determined to withhold even the faintest allusion to those things.

As I pointed out to the Director, I never asked to go to the funerals or the weddings. I didn't ask to go to Teddy when he left that girl in the dark woods at Chiquapaxdick or to my amphise, who never even had a chance to know me, when it was clear to me that he needed to speak honestly of what he'd done to that girl in Florida. I didn't even ask to go to John-John to warn him about the magazine business. But this auction was a different thing.

I step out of the car. I suspect the Director has watched



in the crowd. I am never out of sight. But for a moment I feel alone again. I feel that I am living in my body, in the present moment. How sweet that is. I've come to realize in these thirty-two years of life. How often in the life I used to feel was in a place that could have filled me with memories, but my mind cannot find elsewhere. I missed the moment. Now, on the sidewalk in front of Sotah's, I head to the end of a long line of people whose faces once would have turned to me, whose hands would have come out to touch me. It took me a long time to get used to that teaching. I never quite did. But I came in here. They touch me now in my dreams. Hands trembling faintly from excitement, warm with the blood of desire. I touch them back, each one.

But here, the TV light glares and the crowd line up and they yearn to touch only the things I touched. I think that is similar to what Abraham Lincoln dreamed the week before he was killed. He dreamed that he awoke from a deep sleep and he heard distant sobbing. He arose and made his way through the empty hallways of the White House to the East Room, where he found a great catalogue draped in black. A military guard stood there and Lincoln asked, "Who is dead?" The man replied, "It is the President." I could ask anyone now in this line, "How French silver-plated toothbrush box with cover is this, being auctioned off to strangers?" And the reply would be, "It is the President."

I PAID ALL THESE HANDS STUFFED IN POCKETS ON CATCHING parties or flustering in conversation. I pass all these faces turned away from this bearded man with close-cropped hair and the fine line of a scar on the side of his skull and the hobbles of a very bad back. And I know I should be glad that there is not the least flicker of recognition. The Director and I are in complete agreement. He's stuck his neck out for me. I pay for an old man and his pain. Trust that old age has slowed my tongue, which it has, somewhat. But part of me is ready to tell, at the slightest glance from a stranger, how Mayor Richard Daley found fourteen thousand votes in the ceremonies of Chicago to swing a state and close a president. And I would point out the life of grace inside the cells and at times those dead faces. Most often I find at the time of the snail's pace of life that the Soviet general in charge of troops in Cuba was authorized to use nuclear weapons. And the Soviet Union broke up, the general appeared on TV—I get all the cable channels—and he said if the American President had chosen to send troops to the island, they would have been naked. If Richard Nixon had been the President, he certainly would have sent those troops. What does this mean? It means those dead Chicagoans prevented a nuclear holocaust. My impulse to talk about these things inside, could should be given to this incorporeal American breeze.

But no stranger gives me a glance. I go to the end of the line and my back is burning, but out here in public, the main entrance is somewhere. A woman up ahead in the line turns her face fully toward me. She has hair the color of the old Red Gorgon model football we used in Hyman's anatomy I made love, on the overstaffed chair in my Senate office, to a woman who was all bones and fiddles and teeth, and her thick hair was the same color, a roan color, and she sat on my lap and finished her hair around me. She sat next me with me often those past years, in my memory. And that woman in line turns her eyes briefly to me and then her attention passes on. She is perhaps thirty-five. In my memory I am thirty-five, but this woman before me

now seems only an old man. But I'm still sitting on that steel-stuffed chair and the leather straps beneath me and I'm sweating and smelling the woman's hair and I tell her eyes in color, the color of a Red Gorgon football, and she laughs. The woman in line laughs now. She is with someone near her, but I don't look to see who it is. I watch her face slide sweetly in laughter and if she were standing next to me, I know I would speak to her of this other woman, whose name I can't remember and whose eyes I can't remember, though I've often tried in these years of exile. I would like to remember her eyes, because remembering them other things as vividly as I do, makes me feel as if the memory of her eyes should be there, too, but it can't get inside and then sold off or given away and it was a big wonder. I went a back.

I wore my Harvard coat and I look back. No. I'm thinking of them as I finally make it through the front door of Sotah's and a young Negro woman in a uniform holds out her hand to help me through the metal detector. I would not call her a Negro to her face—I know the language has changed—but I am still a creature of my time and Martin called himself that. I will always remember when I was on the day Martin was shot. I was in the little snow-walled garden in the cottage in the compound in Vietnam. I was about to launch a pan across the fifteen-foot grassy year one hole he pulled me to it ten thousand times a year for all these years. I was just dipping the hand of my pan—I want my old pants back, too, by the way, though it's sure to want a small fortune. I was just squaring up the head of my pan when whatever side it was assigned to me at that time—I don't remember him except that he was young—stepped out of the back door and he said, "Mr. President" with a rap in his throat and I knew that it was something terrible. Poor Martin. How nice it would have been if only his editor had been shot away and they thought to bring him to me. We could have sold each other so many things we never had sense enough to talk about when we were living our public lives. And Bobby, too. We three could live together and I'd talk with Martin and I'd write my little letters to him and give—and even with my back—and with his editor about off Bobby could tell me what he really thinks of me, and that would do him good.

So this young Negro woman reaches out to the old man she sees in front of her, an old man living trouble straightening up, having just gone up some steps with a very bad back and her hand clutches me beneath my forearm. And though there are two doors between me and her flesh, I thrill in her touch. I straighten up, not wanting her to be touching the arm of a stooping old man, and there must be pain but I don't feel it. She looks me in the eyes, just before I step through, and I think there is some flicker of recognition there.

"Do you know me?" I ask.

"No, sir," she says. I realize I'm on the verge of telling her about the perfect man, me, well, I'm to the old Fidel Castro in my. Pedro Anzures. I don't know why I think she'd be interested in this. But I know I'm not supposed to say anything. So I step through the arch of the metal detector, and the machine says out as if it had seen a ghost. The woman who touched my arm is beside me and I'm ready to confess.

But before I can speak, she says, "Do you have anything metal on?" and I understand.

I tap the side of my head, on the right ridge of my nose, and I say, "Metal plate. From service for my country." I

think she can hear the ring of it beneath my knuckle.

"I'm sorry, sir," she says, and I'm hoping she will reach up to touch the plate beneath. But her hand goes to my arm again and steps me toward a desk. "Thank you," she says. "Show your registration slip over there."

I move away from her and there is still a ringing in my head and at the desk they give me my leading card, and from the push of people behind me I'm going up some steps, made of stone, and my back is burning again and I'm growing sicker by the moment, though I can still feel her touch on my arm.

The Director has been very good in recognizing my desires as a man. I've always understood the risks. There weren't very many women with the highest Agency clearance who were prepared to open themselves to me. One or two over the years. And there was always a drag to show my tongue, because even the highest clearance is still bound right by the need to look clean. I presume the rest of me would be well by the drug, certainly my awareness was, for I remember those women only very faintly. I wish there had been another way, a safer way, a fully conscious way, for me to feel the touch of a woman. But I did not ask what more they could do for me. I only asked what I could do for my country.

The room is very large and I struggle toward the front, but the rows of padded beige chairs are filled more than halfway back already. I look around and I straighten again, this time with clear pain, but a pain put aside. I see Jackie down the row. She has not yet sat down. She has a pillow back and that still beautiful hairdo. But I turned away that she couldn't be that young. And she's dead. I look again. Her eyes are something but her pants dress and looking around the room—her eyes are Asian. Her gaze from her hand and I follow it and coming down the aisle is another Jackie, a Caucasian one, dressed in pure black, unaware of her hair.

I sit. I sit on the aisle and breathe heavily. I suspect there are several of me in the room as well, though I hope not to catch even a brief light of them. I can't help but look up, and the second Jackie, with a slightly longer hairdo, twisted up at the bottom, brushes past me. Her face turns and her eyes fill and the looks straight at me. She doesn't show any sign at all of seeing who I am. As like as the other eyes are much too close together and her mouth is too thin—I'm briefly disappointed that she doesn't recognize me. I look away and I close my eyes. Jackie has been with me, as well, all these years.

When John and Caroline were sleeping in the almshouse, I'd clear him as best in the affairs of state and tell my mind to leave as alone, and Jackie and I would make love in the room where they all made love, the problems of the United States. And I'd ask her to talk to me about art while we watched I watched her mind in this art, and her voice,

I TAP THE SIDE OF MY HEAD, ON THE RIDGE OF SCAR TISSUE: "METAL PLATE, FROM SERVICE FOR MY COUNTRY."

straight from the window. I had seen her eyes and her voice was soft and she would be wearing a single strand of pearls, the only thing left on her body, and she would speak of the geometry of Asian poetry in the tenth century B.C. and the hands of dissection were drawn in black on cream-colored clay and there would be mandarin and chevrons and mountains and then, gradually, as the tenth century B.C. passed and the eighth began, there was an advance of animal forms. She spoke of all these wonderful vessels, the amphoras with its two great handles and the knees with its fat belly and wide mouth and the slender leopards for pouring. Jackie would throw her head back and her mind would make my hand catch and now the eighth century B.C. was in full flower with its gemmen and shuriken and little women crouching these days pose and signs of rain and women lamenting the dead, and her eyes would tear up, even as we watched and she felt forward and I put my hands on her back and felt her bones.

"No, ma'am, it's not your bid." A long, sweetly heard voice, like a Boston sort of lion, to my eye, is floating over the lectern at the front of the room, rolling out numbers. "It's a hundred and ten on the phone. Now a hundred and twenty in the front. So, ma'am, now it's yours, it is a hundred and thirty. A hundred and thirty thousand dollars. A hundred and forty at the back of the room." I look away from her and I think for a moment that a man is a Gnostic lesson for sale, something I'd always hoped Chavon would buy for her but that she would never speak of with him, but on a TV monitor to the side of the room I see a triple strand of pearls. A hundred and forty and now fifty and now fifty and I separate my eyes at that. Jackie crosses the White House bedroom to her, her clothes stolen behind her and the pearls right at her dress, and they make her noblesse seeming to me, as if no woman has ever been that naked before, and I alone the common, the faded covering of the thin string of pearls, to show me this

The room has burst into applause. I look up. And the second Jackie has her eyes closed together but remains large, very dark, is looking at me. She is in the aisle seat directly across from me and she is looking at me intently.

"Now let number 454A," the woman at the front says.

This Jackie is black, wears black away. She knows me. She knows.

"A single strand, standard pearl necklace and ear clips."

I drop my attention away from the straggled Jackie's gaze and on the TV screen is the necklace my wife wears in my memory of our wedding. Perhaps not that very one. Perhaps some other necklace. She wore a single strand of pearls at our wedding, too. When Jackie wore pearls, I felt her sadness always, even beneath her clothes. I stare at this necklace on the television screen and it could well be the pearls of any of a hundred women. I've taken out and handled on countless nights of what has been my life. I feel myself rise up slightly, briefly from my chair. I hold back my hands, which want to lift to the screen, to this image of her pearls. I want these pearls, my wife's.

The opening bid is ten thousand dollars; the women with the long face say:

I cry out. My cry is an anguish, but there are twenty cries at the same moment and they are all saying, "Ten thousand." So no one leaves. Except perhaps the Jackie across the aisle. This necklace is beyond my reach already. All the fragments of my life in this place are beyond my reach. I look to the right and she is fixed on me, this thought fixed from first lady her mouth moves.

I stand up, I turn. I drop my bidding card and push my heavy legs forward, the pain in my back rising at each step. Twenty thousand dollars. The bidder's hands fly up, flashing their cards, the dollar signs up the aisle. Jerry thins and from the phones. Pity from the front row. I touch her door, at the hollow of her throat just below the pearls. Jackie's nose up straight, nostrils naked on the center of me, and I lift my hand and put my fingers on the hollow of her throat. And I am out the main door of the auction room, breaking through a hedge of reporters who pay no attention to me. I stop, my chest heaving and the pain spreading all through me, and I look over my shoulder and just before the reporter chase back up, I see her. She's coming toward me. The Jackie in black has seen me and is following.

The bodies of newsmen intervene but I know she will seem to be here. Now I wish for the Director's men. I want their hands to take my elbow and to walk them to whisper, "This way, Mr. President." And I want them to carry me away back to the empty garden and a patch of sunlight when I can just see and sort out the strange things going on inside me. But I am on my own, it seems. The main staircase is before me, but there are more reporters that way and the fax Jackie will catch me just as I rise for these.

I turn blindly to the right. I go along a corridor, my face

I LOVE JACKIE. I KNOW BECAUSE INSIDE ME I HAVE HER HANDS AND HER HAIR AND HER NIPPLES AND HER TOES.

lowered, trying to disappear, and another staircase is before me, a modern one, lacinated, a metal handrail. My hand goes out to it. I take one step down and her voice is in my ear.

"Please," she says.

I stop.

"I recognized you," she says.

I turn to her.

"But I didn't mean to drive you away."

Her eyes are very beautiful. The brown of them, like the earth in the deepest hole you could dig for yourself, like a place to bury yourself and sleep forever, or like the brown of Jackie's eyes. I want to tell her secrets. About myself. About trouble. About anything. All the secrets I know.

"I thought I said somewhere you were dead," she says.

She sounds dangerously ironic to me. But there is something about her eyes now a little unkind. And she is dressed as my wife, who is dead.

"I didn't believe it," she says.

"Good." I say, struggling with my voice, which wants to speak much more.

Then she says, "I've seen all your movies."

There is a stopping in me.

"The Open of Wish is my favorite."

"Thank you," I say. "Hurry back to the auction now. You must buy some of Jackie's pearls."

She lifts her head at the memory of my advice.

I turn away from her, move rapidly down the steps.

"Yes," she calls after me. "I will."

I am out the side entrance now, on Stark Avenue. It is quieter here. No one looks at me. I am a ghost again. I turn and walk away. I don't know in what direction.

But this I do know. I love Jackie. I know because inside me I have her hands and her hair and her nipples and her toes and her body ridges and bones and her shoes and belts and scarves and her shadow and her laugh and her nose and her simulated pearl necklaces and her yellow gypsy bangle bracelets and her Gorchovian auburn heart-shaped candy dish and her silver-plated ash and pepper shakers. And somebody has my golf clubs. And somebody has my eye bandaid. And somebody has my Harvard-crest cuff links. And somebody has a single strand of Jackie's pearls, a strand that I also have. And what is a heart all these things of a person that won't fade away? The things you seek out over and over and you look at intently and you touch. You touch with your own hands. Or you touch with the silent movement of your mind in the long and solitary night. Surely these things are signs of love. In a world where we don't know how to stay close to each other, we try so very close to these things. In a world where death comes away so gently and so easily as at the ultimate act of forgetting, we try to remember so that we can overcome death. And so we go forth together on love and in peace and in deep love, my fellow Americans, Jackie and I and all of you. And you have my undying thanks. ■

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underlying problems associated with disorders of BPH – safely and effectively. These results have been published in the *British Journal of Clinical Pharmacology* and the *American Journal of Gerontology*. They reveal that several vitamins, minerals and natural herbs can dramatically shrink the prostate and improve urinary performance in older men. The most modern application of these healthy ingredients is found in ProstateSafe™ from Whitewing Labs. ProstateSafe is the nutritional "tool kit" for men with benign prostate problems, and those who wish to prevent them. It is a mixture of zinc, selenium, vitamin E, vitamin C, vitamin B6, beta carotene, and vitamins A, B-6 and E. These ingredients have been shown to help shrink a swollen prostate.



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The men of the Five C Club believe in certain inalienable rights: life, liberty, and the pursuit of Havanas. Or maybe a good Dominican.

By David Blum

THE LONG CIGAR

IN ONE POINT, ENJOY FORWARD MARCHING AS IT goes from Cigar Washington Bridge, and although it is early only in the morning, just after dawn on this, the last Thursday in June, already a brief line of light illuminates the New York skyline. As usual, dozens of cars obediently line up at the tollbooth to cross into the city for another day's work. Frank Yera joins the line and waits patiently for his turn. He has no complaints about the delay, this is the time Frank eagerly devotes to thinking about the day ahead. There are his favorite moments, here in his late-model Porsche of Solitude. Here, he feels most at peace.

Fine, there's work. That's going well. After five years at Citicbank, Frank, thirty-eight, has hundreds of clients to advise on investments from his desk in an Upper Broadway branch. He's got widows and students with annual funds to discuss—they're easy—and then there are the big accounts: the institutions, the churches, the guys with hundreds of thousands of dollars to manage, the ones who helped Frank get his vice-president title a few years back. They're the ones Frank has to think about. "These aren't exactly the easiest times to be handling Cigar People's Money, June has been bad to the bone. But Frank does a few jobs, he manages six million in accounts, he loves his work, and an easy smile helps ease him a respectable middle-class income.

Then, there's his home life. Frank got that straightened out a few months ago when he separated from his wife. He felt she was the dominating type, everything had to be her way or the way of the problem. Frank went with the flow for a long time, the way most guys do, until one day he'd had enough and left.

So life is good, Frank shrinks as he reaches into his suitcase. And there it is, right where he put it. The morning cigar. Frank clips the tip of his *La Diosa* with expert precision, lights it with abundant care, and then, at last, sucks in a mouthful of Dominican smoke.

Assault. The buzz has hit right away. Next to him, Frank thrusts a cigar in the best thing in life. Which is why, as he puffs his very special Dominican, he thinks mostly about tonight, the monthly meeting of the Five C's.

THE FIVE C'S

Camaraderie, Cuffins, Coffee, Cognition, and Cigars! Doug Robb, twenty-nine, knows he'd better get going. He's the president, he's the one who's gotta bring the cigar—hey, he's the one who thought up the name. But when he looks at that beautiful little face, his sweet, sweet little girl—have you ever looked at the face of a fifteen-month-old girl in the morning sunlight?

But, baby, Doug's gotta go. The Explorer's in the driveway, the cell phone's charged, the guitar's strapped to the belt, the breakfast is full. It's time to roll.

Doug lives his life, too. Oh, sure, it would've been fun to play offensive line for the Giants—in August doesn't go by he doesn't remember that amazing camp in 1990 when he came as close as a man can get. Too bad those were the years of Brian Williams, Junior Elliott, and Bob Kneech. Still, he treasured his two solid seasons in the Arena League and the World League, too—bouncing from Sacramento to Orlando to San Antonio, wherever a hard-peddling quarterback could pick up two grand a week. He loved slugging his body into the next guy. Who wouldn't? But he wanted to get married, have a family, buy an Explorer; get a life, and you can't do all that on two grand a week for six months a year forever.

So now he's marketing another one-hey, after three years, he's already the anxiety marketing manager for Independent Financial Marketing Group—and he's good at it, too. He sells enough to make a nice living and buy a new house with a yard and take care of his pretty wife, Dana (his high school sweetheart), and beautiful baby and—

Oh, yes, Cigars. Doug loves cigars. A friend smoked him on to them at his bachelor party in Atlantic City three years ago. Now he has two hummers, two dealers, and a few always handy in a leather three-finger cigar case in his briefcase. He doesn't smoke before lunch, naturally. A smelly snail in the morning just won't do in his line of work. But he's got a moist roof on the Explorer, so when the day is done and he's driving home to New Jersey and meet Taylor and his wife, he lights up a Cuban (if he has one) and celebrates his good fortune.

But not tonight. This is the last Thursday of the month. And as he is president of the Five C Club, it will be necessary for Doug to stay in the city and gather at the West End Sunset Steakhouse with sixteen of his best cigar-smoking pals and enjoy their camaraderie and smoke three fine cigars, one before dinner, one after the jumbo shrimp appetizer but before his medium-rare porterhouse, and one with his coffee and twenty-year-old cognac.

See? Camaraderie, Cuffins, Coffee, Cognition, and Cigars! The name just seemed kinda obvious when he thought it up, and the guys all liked it, so it stuck.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THOSE OF US WHO DO NOT BELIEVE in the Five C's?

The television set makes our lives, but our wives are holding the children. We go to coffee bars. We have children. We work out on the StairMaster three days a week. We drink low-fat milk and eat Steak'N'Frites codices. We fatten our asses back. We tan ourselves with cream. We go to a bar and order bottles of Pellegrino, large ones if we're feeling wacky. We go on the Internet and pretend we're women. We think Helen. There is a goddamn. We have less freedom than a five-year-old chicken.

When was the last time we had a smoke? When was the last time we smoked a cigar? When was the last time we got together with our pals for some fun, when not included?

DOMINICAN. SÍ! CUBAN. NO!

Five C Club president Doug Robb deconstructs his favorite cigar

THE FORGEA TRIUMPHATES PRICE: \$2.00

WICK PRIDE OF ASH?

"The Triumphant has the perfect-looking ash I've ever seen. It crumbles in such a way that it's not too hard to pick up."

PLESS

Dominican Republic

BINDER

Mexico

WRAPPED

B&W, Connecticut Shade

BREAKFAST, ANYWAY?

"It's a mild cigar. You can smoke it with your breakfast. If you feel like it. Just don't spill any oil on your coffee. That's not cool."

HOW'S THE BURN?

"It's just what you need in a hot day, and you get all the smoke you want."

ANY TIPS?

"When you're driving, it's tough to handle a coffee. So this one's ideal for when you're not to keep one hand on the wheel. It's real smooth at the end, so you just bite the tip off with your teeth, hold the tip out the window, but that's a personal decision."

The Five C's all believe in such early things. The Five C's hold freely to the golden principle that once a month, men must gather around large tables in dark restaurants and have large slabs of cow flesh placed before them. They must carve and slabs with large knives and watch them down with a fine smile. They must pause occasionally to draw clouds of smoke into their mouths, then exhale the fumes above their heads with a hearty blow. They must talk to one another about things that will soon be forgotten but do so with much amusement and laughter. The Five C's believe in a time that has passed in by—when men retired to their private dens in silk robes, a cigar at the elbow, sippers resting comfortably on the ottoman. They have missed upon the last remaining symbol of man-

hood in the nineteen-th century—and made it the centerpiece of their current domain.

This decade's odd obsession with the cigar has enabled men to reconnect with their masculinity—a link almost lost in an era so dominated by issues of fitness and fertility. On the cover of the culture's most visible magazine, *Cigar Aficionado* magazine, one man after another has posed proudly, cigar in hand. Cigars have disoriented themselves from all issues of health and politically correct behavior, the president of the United States, the Avenue, and the Tennessee all partake of the product with no consequences to their character or reputation.

"There are those who smoke cigars for their enjoyment, those are those who smoke to send a message, and there are those who smoke to give the world the finger," says Marvin Shanken, editor and publisher of *Cigar Aficionado*, who's smoked so many (over a half) that he's starting to actually resemble a cigar—his beard has become the color of perfect ash. "We're sick of all the rakes. We're tired of driving fifty-five miles an hour. We want to go nighty or ninety again."

Look at the statistics: Premium-cigar sales up to 90 percent in 1995. Up to 10 percent in 1990. Premium-cigar imports up 11 percent in 1995. Feature articles in newspapers about the growth of cigar smoking up a grand total of 10 percent in 1995. (All this made more starting by the fact that over the past twenty years, cigar consumption has dropped by 450 percent.) *Cigar Aficionado* didn't even exist before 1995. Shanken now begs of a collection of four hundred thousand, speaks with that self for twenty a page, and enough cash lying around to pay \$50,000 for the JFK transfer at Satchel's Caliente, the parent company of General Cigar, has watched as stock price grew from the teens in 1990 to more than sixty a share this spring.

"It may be a fad, and it may not be as big as the coffee craze," concedes Mark Greenich, a forty-three-year-old entrepreneur who opened one of America's first bars dedicated exclusively to cigar smoking in New York City in the fall of 1994. But it's no brainiac. It's the furthest and sophisticated men who know what they want. And who aren't likely to find themselves somewhere meaning without the twenty bottles necessary to buy a good cigar. Greenich's bar brings to mind what a first-class hotel bar used to be—a warm, cozy, intimate room where one could imagine Benjamin Braddock visiting Mrs. Robinson for a date.

Two years later, the Cigar Culture lives on in smoky wood-and-burgandy velvet rooms across America. It pulses with agency at <http://www.cigar.com>, where smokers gather at the World Wide Web to make information about marriage, clubs, and dinner. It smokes from the pages of nearly every major newspaper, both in Italian, the writer's name, Tinker's all competing the trend.

The Cigar Culture remains primarily behind closed doors. For as long as cigars are legal, men will puff proudly by the judgments of those who oppose such behavior. They will smoke them, if possible, a world away from wives and children (Arnold Schwarzenegger prefers to smoke in the jacuzzi). They will more often be in bars and nurseries than as they would a '60s Chateau Margaux. They will imagine themselves as billionaire Ron Perleman. They will treasure the illicit thrill of clandestine and insist that there is better than yours. They will read

And now five officers (from left) Joe Marasciello, Primo Iglesias, and Doug Robb. "The cigar has power," says Iglesias. "That's what you're getting when you smoke it."



on their porch at sunset, watching the blue smoke against the purple haze, hold their cigars up to the gods, and say to themselves, New Lam is man.

JOE MARASCIELLO IS BRITISH VERY NON BRITISH. He is of the opinion, however, that a cigar is both.

See, some men look right at home with a Cohiba in hand. It happens that Joe is not one of those men.

Which explains why, in a few hours—when tonight's Five C Club meeting begins—Joe's taste as an officer of the club, which he has been since January, will not be to distribute, dip, or help light cigars. That responsibility will fall to Doug Robb, who takes great pride in his role and does a damn fine job, too. No, Joe's marching orders will be to collect the money, which is a hundred dollars from each of the guys; the guys pay for the Scotch, the snails, the shrimp, the wine, the cigars, and the door prize, too. If it doesn't, though, Doug usually looks in a few twenties to make it all work out. Still, when you consider that the membership of the Five C Club now numbers close to two dozen, you're talking about a serious amount of cash. But when you look at Joe—that perfectly bald head and that friendly crinkle about the eyes—you don't mind handing him the dough.

The cigar adds something to Joe that isn't exactly visible to the naked eye. It gives him something inside. A little extra confidence, maybe. Something to discuss with women on dates. (It's thirty-four and single.) Something to remind him after a tough day, a tough week, a tough month. Something to connect him with guys who smoke.

Joe graduated from Syracuse University in 1980. He didn't smoke back then. Never did. Okay, so maybe he had the occasional cigar, but he didn't know what he was doing. Not until Doug Robb invited him to the Big Smoke.

The Big Smoke is, depending on your perspective, either one of the most disgusting events on the planet or a terrific way to find out about cigars. In 1993, the first Big Smoke took place at the Marriott Marquis hotel in New York. It was—and remains—essentially a way for approximately two thousand cigar smokers to gather in a hotel ballroom for two and a half hours and get a huge bagful of free cigars, small portions of complimentary beef and beans, and what is without a doubt the largest dose of second-hand smoke you can handle without an oxygen mask. Today, there are ten Big Smokes a year around the country in cities like Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco, all sponsored by Cigar Associates. Vegas is next.

Being the great planner that he is, Doug figured he'd gather up some pals and buy a bunch of 400 tickets for the Big Smoke in May of 1995 at the Marriott. Doug knew Joe from the job—Joe works at Citicorp Investment Services as a senior investment consultant—and asked him to go. Guess not, Joe said.

Each guy got a tote bag and a book of thirty-five chits, each exchangeable for one cigar. For the first hour or so, the guys smoked the hallways, sniffing their booty, at each makeshift booth, representatives from the world's biggest and most reputable cigar makers—among them Arturo Fuente, Marasciello, La Unión, Davidoff, and Don Sherman—eagerly handed out their products. Along the sides of the ballroom, the guys occasionally stopped for a taste of beef on tiny plates from several New York steak houses, among them Ben Benson's, the Oak Room and Bar at the Plaza Hotel, and a joint just opened in the Empire Hotel across from Lincoln Center by Marasciello's mogul little kid, Kugel, modestly called the West End Street Smokehouse.

Doug Robb is the Organization Man. Being the first big smoker of the bunch, he'd had some extra time to consider a smoker's needs. That, it quickly became apparent that the

biggest need was somebody to smoke with. Why else would these Big Smokes be so damn successful? But when he got right down to it, there was something highly impractical about the Big Smoke. They come around only twice a year, they cost too much, you can't sit down, the room gets pretty oppressive after a while. So maybe, he thought, there could be a way for him and his pals to smoke together without venting around.

A club? That would do it. Following a quick calculation, Doug figured that with his pals from Citicorp he could get enough guys together for a cigar club; they could get together once a month, and they wouldn't need the Big Smokes anymore, no, no.

But a club needs a clubhouse, right?

The fellow from the restaurant told Doug how they were going to have a private cigar club at West End. For 1995, you could join and use its private Cigar Room, a separate dining club in the back with superior ventilation and exclusive access. Only members could book the room, it had space for two dozens at least, and you could smoke cigars in it before dinner, during dinner—all night long if you felt like it.

What say we join the club? Doug asked his pals. Let's do it, agreed Joe Marasciello and Frank Voss and all the rest of the guys.

And so, a few months later—that just January—the Five C Club was born. As an homage to the club's place of birth, the guys first considered calling themselves El Primer Gringo, which is Spanish for the Big Smoke, but in the end they decided that might be a bit much.

Then again, the cigar has always enjoyed a bit of anti-appeal, all the way back to its origins as an elite tobacco product sent back by North American explorers to Spain. With Sir Walter Raleigh promoting the idea of smoking, it wasn't long for the European cigar craze to see the likes of these hard-boiled, star-struck symbols as early as the 1800s. Eventually, American customs picked up the habit, and off it went. This way has recruited U.S. presidents from John Quincy Adams to JFK to Bill Clinton as cigar smokers.

But no one has ever been more closely associated with the cigar than Sigismund Freud, King of All Menn.

Here is one of the great moments of all time: The father of psychoanalysis spent most of his days (and nights) smoking on a product that bears a strong resemblance to the male sexual organ but failed to ever explain the connection. And while one would be hard-pressed to find the line in any of his books, there's no doubt that the average cigar a day doctor near here and those famous words "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar." But was this another groundbreaking psychoanalytical insight or just a lame excuse?

Freud smoked Cohibas. Churchill smoked Cohibas. Even Kennedy never allowed tenuous relations with the Soviet Union to interfere with his Havana habit. For most cigar smokers who could afford them, Cohibas have always been the most coveted of cigars.

And yet there are those who believe that, like Camero himself, the Cuban cigar is no longer in its prime.

"Dominicans are better." That is the casually considered view of Primo Iglesias, the thirty-three-year-old vice-president of the Five C Club, who still remembers the day his father got caught at Havana customs in 1965 with Cuban

cigars under his shirt. Primo's dad always smoked cigars in Cuba and stayed with the habit in Florida.

But not Primo. For some reason, Primo preferred cigars. Maybe because they were American, Primo means.

He embraced everything American, including capitalism as both a philosophy and a career. He went to work at Citicorp in 1993 and moved around to several branches, establishing himself as a kitchen breaker with a knack for management. Before long, Primo held the reins of senior investment consultant, ensuring he was only handling customer accounts but also supervised half a dozen other brokers from a branch in Queens, and he got to know Joe Marasciello and Frank Voss and, of course, who doesn't know the great Doug Robb?

Two years ago at a business dinner, Doug pulled out his cigars, held one out to Primo, and said, "I've been doing this for years. You want one?"

"Mmmmm, love one," Primo said to Doug. "My dad, he smoked 'em, but it's been a long time."

Primo loves cigars now. He smokes 'em every day.

"It's the power," Primo says. "The cigar has power—that's what you're getting when you smoke it. When men accomplish something, they've always turned to cigars. You hold a cigar, you're in a position of power. You look at movies, you look at magazines, you see the guy at the magazine, you see the guy at the magazine, you see the guy at the magazine. That's what attracted me."

Primo stands at the door to the Cigar Room at the West End Street Smokehouse, on Arturo Fuente Hemingway Street. He is in his left hand, lit to 40 in the evening, and Primo comes to see Primo, then Joe, then Doug. Each guy a firm handshake, a friendly smile, and a puff of smoke. That is Primo's club, this is his life. He looks around the room with a bit of contentment.

"I love smoke," he says.

AT A NEW BRITISH BAR GIVEN, THE MEN OF THE FIVE C Club seek their chums. The tables have been arranged in a U, so that all the members face one another. After an opening, seating arrangements have become somewhat fluid, the group has settled into tiny cliques and is happy to have done so. The group wants no repeat of an incident in March when a member's friend got drunk and started breaking unsmoked cigars in half. That particular gentleman will not be invited back, thank you.

Doug Robb sits at the center, in his own house. He wears for the occasion a trippy pair of suspenders to go with his expensive chair. There would be no smoking Doug for a summer, no smoking Doug on a personal home. This guy is both to him. As before a man with suspenders and a cigar, Doug often finds himself pulling on the suspenders as he puffs. This further underlines Doug's image as the boss.

leader of the Five C's, even his smoke clouds are the biggest. Primo sits only a few chairs away, to Doug's left. His smooth chatter dominates the table's conversation among all those within earshot. He leans forward as he talks—directly into you—so that you feel warmly included in the glow.

Like Frank Vega. He sits a few chairs away from Primo, and though he does his share of talking, he's not quite so glibulous; there's a little bit of reserve about him, not to mention a distinctively offbeat way of dressing for the evening. Whereas all the other members wear suits to the club, Frank goes for the stylish look of the newly hatched—a grunge-brown Nictus-style collared shirt and a glass-plaid suit. He was the first to arrive here tonight, sipping a drink at the bar half an hour before he will, without a doubt, be the last one to leave.

Sean Wynne, a ruddy thirty-five-year-old Chicagoer, has chosen his customary seat next to his pal Jeffrey Siss, one of the few Five C members whose work has no connection to Chicago. They seem an unlikely pair; Jeff is a quiet, soft-spoken man who doesn't drink, while Sean's loquacious style seems more at home across the room, where the raucous guys like to sit.

"I don't drink wine," Jeff says. "But I keep getting my wine glass filled in case Sean wants to drink it."

Sean smiles and pours a little from the flask. "It's my pal," Sean says. "I don't even know this guy before, but every morning I'll sit next to him because we're friends."

They share feelings, ideas, philosophies. They find beauty in a mutual feud. "It's somebody else picking your socks for you—saves you the work," says Jeffrey.

They are poetry in a T-shirt. "It's two out in one," Sean says, "so if you don't want the socks, you got the files."

They yearn for happiness, wealth, success, they even wonder a little about fame. "It'd be pretty good, being famous," Sean says. "I don't think I'd mind being famous, wouldn't mind at all."

Elsewhere at the table, the talk is mostly of cigars. At Doug's center, where Doug sits next to his father, a retired cop, who's been coming to the meetings as a kind of honorary member since the beginning—much expert information about swappers, circumferencers, and ash is being digested along with beef. If these were not mainly men eating bowls of beef, a visitor might think he had stumbled into a chatty dinner meeting with a bunch of cock snuffers.

"The wrapper is good, but the aroma . . ."

"Oh, I know, it's like . . ."

"There's a hint of coffee in it, you know?"

"And smooth."

"Definitely smooth."

"I don't like 'em too earthy."

"Dominican blend?"

"Headlines."

"But you use full."

"It's not a heavy smoke. It's a medium smoke."

"I like the heavier."

"You are the heavier."

"Anybody got a cigar smatch? Mine's out."

"This baby don't burn right."

"Maybe you're in wrong."

"Let it wrong? My son, I'm in it wrong."

"It's a little peppery."

"I had an Opus X last week. Good. Not great."

"What'd you pay?"

"I paid too much. \$100 is too much, right?"

The smoke arrives, with steaming plumes of smacked potatoes and a couple of huge onion loaves, and some asparagus, too, as the boys will get their vegetables. They eat quickly and heartily. The onion loaves take their positions in proximity to Doug's spoon.

AFTER WINNER, THE LAST ROUND OF CIGARS IS SERVED.

This is the Long Cigar. There is, of course, no meaning to a Long Cigar. Anyone who assumes that the length of a cigar counts as a direct causality to the length of anything else in life is mistaken. In fact, most aficionados prefer a short cigar, or a medium, for reasons of style and taste.

But there are times in a man's life when size matters.

Like Derry Harry reaching for his 44 Magnum, Doug whips out a bundle of Long Cigars from his humidor, which he keeps near him at all times. As the supplier for the Five C's, Doug is responsible for revealing the mysteries of each cigar to his friends, but this cigar needs no explanation. With a slight, knowing smile, Doug hands each of his friends a seven-inch Ave No. 3 from the Dominican Republic, an elegant smoke with the taste of nutmeg and a dry finish. And for several moments, the Five C Club succumbs to silence, it is, after all, no simple task for any man to light up the Long Cigar.

It is now after 11:00. Cognac and coffee sound out the evening, and both are necessary: the cognac for those who will soon be returning to their beds, the coffee for those who will be venturing on into the night, perhaps across town to Scores, the upscale upscale nightclub on the East Side, where men can frolic smoke and show off their Long Cigars. It will be a month till the next meeting, so John Lankota will have to wait to introduce a little piece of new business to the gentlemen.

John knows a guy who's a Brazilian Catholic priest and a cigar aficionado. Now John knows he's not likely to get the priest into the Five C's, but he was talking to him about cigars because John likes to talk cigars with just about everybody. That's what Doug Robb taught him. You talk about cigars, you learn about cigars, you smoke cigars, it becomes, like, a hobby. And for John, who's twenty-six years old and the youngest member of the Five C's, there's a lot of time in his life for hobbies. He even tried chewing tobacco for a while but eventually decided it was too disgusting.

Anyway, John wants to propose something to the Five C's. Nothing big, just a meeting.

"It'd be great," he says. "You know, something to get on the man-on-a-I don't know, kind of like a philosophy or something."

The man John wants to go with is this Commissioner Blomese. *Commissio Blomese*.

"I got my priest friend to do it for me," John says. "It's Latin. It means, 'Together we drink, we dine, we smoke.' And when you get down to it, that's really what we do."

But nothing's official yet. Doug says he'll have to vote it all everybody gets a chance to vote on it at the next meeting. He's put it on the agenda under new business, which comes right between the steak and the Long Cigar.



The Friday Scotch



There are no differences! Sean Markey's Head wears a 1977, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 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SEXY**

Pumped and
pinstriped on the
runways of Milan

By Woody Hochswender

WHAT USED TO LEAVE it to women to dress sexy, while men slipped in to their powerful camouflage of blue and gray. Women dressed to kill, men dressed to make a killing. But the latest developments in fashion seem to suggest a different breed of male and perhaps an inversion of roles. We've become the suspects. Or at least the leading fashion designers see it that way. And we're not talking sexy girls but well-muscle-bulged muses like Arraras, Versace, Valentino, Gucci, and Moschino. In the most recent men's wear collections shown in Europe, jackets were fitted to the body and trousers slithered skintight. The stretch shirt and the transparent top replaced the classic polo and the quilted button-down—all the better to show off sculpted pecs. Men today are in better shape than ever before, and these are certainly the styles to show it.

If anyone can get men interested in showing some skin, it is Tom Ford, the American designer behind the rejuvenation of Gucci. His take on male sensuality includes sleekly tailored suits cut very close, with piped trousers and sheer shirts, sometimes



Clockwise from top left: Moschino's striped knit polo; Gucci's razor-sharp slim suit with a sheer shirt; Gianni Versace's shirt with transparent panel; Valentino's body-hugging shirt.



unfashioned to the novel for a bit of male delectation. Oddly enough, it works. These are men in this collection that are not all that different from what they wear at Morgan Stanley—the cut is fine, good. Even a Gucci string bikini, held together by the double-G buckle, seems clever and not that far-fetched for, say, a Riviera beach. Perhaps because Ford is sure that everything he so chafes, he goes away with a lot.

Gianni Versace is never one to shy away from sexual display in fashion. His men's wear featured floral shirts with transparent cutouts, sometimes at the shoulder, sometimes around the waist. Versace supported American rapper Tupac Shakur and teen heartthrob Robbie Williams of the English band Take That to enhance his presentation (They both performed). The ruins of smooching Italian girls outside underscored the castrated message of the show. Men can be sex objects, too.

Tupac also took a turn on the runway for Romeo Gigli, an ex-*old* A&P. Romeo's history, *described* as one of that designer's red-roped looks—a gold velvet suit—was followed by a pair of bookend bodyguards looking faintly ludicrous in striped shirts and enormous beretted. (Shakur was later spotted again in Florence at the Giorgio Armani show, sipping champagne and wearing those gold watches—probably because he is wanted in three time zones.)

At Prada, a company that has moved way beyond the black nylon dashing inspired by its popular leop-

ards, everything seems designed to reflect the lapsum of absolute simplicity. The men's collection now has racks of neutral hole blues, gray browns, and tan suits to go with the company's giant waffle peapod sport shirts. There are also more than forty styles of shoes, including pony skin sandals, which are very cool.

With striped muscle shirts a hot item in men's fashion, it is only fitting that Moschino is again having its day. Moschino based its women's collection on the sex, applying blue and green horizontal stripes, like waves in the ocean, on fitted pullovers, evoking the sweetness but somehow very today Dolce & Gabbani, the Italian design team, also specializes in short, graphic knit shirts, worn under its skimpily tailored pantsuits, with sandals. (For more on Dolce & Gabbani, see page 10.)

For the ultimate in sexy sensuality, there is Costume National, a Milan-based avant-garde collection, which featured suede bell-bottoms for men, cut long so they dragged on the floor, and tight, belted shirts. Even more extreme was Vivienne Westwood, the British designer, whose Milan show included eighteenth-century costumes in exaggerated satin suits, sting-back belted shoes, and bouffant hair. We especially enjoyed the worn leather belts with bullwhip cutouts.

Armani collaborated with theater director Robert Wilson to produce a multimedia fashion "spectacle" in an old Florentine subway station. The audience entered an indoor forest to the



From top left: Leather mascot by Alberto Heise; rapper Tupac Shakur modeling a velvet suit by Romeo Gigli; floral striped suit with wide lapels by Guiseppe Armani; a tuxedo with trench coat by Giorgio Armani at his multimedia show.

sound of birds tweeting and the sight of models perched on plunks, wearing raincoats. There were also tabular visions of Armani's enumerable evening clothes, headwear, and office attire. The office vignettes, with male and female models/actresses moving around a modern workplace, were particularly on the mark. The women wearing Armani's striped wool suits appeared every bit as powerful as the men—reminding us that this designer, more than any other, has changed the roles of the sexes in fashion. The world is now safe for women to be businessmen, and, maybe, for men to be sexy. H

The Men's Store

Calvin Klein
Collection



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urbane angels

We think of leather as being tough and edgy, the uniform of outlaws. But this fall's leathers are all about clean lines and a new sophistication, from a streamlined trench coat to a tailored shirt. Take a walk on the mild side.

Photographs by
Troy Ward. Produced
by John Mather.

Sleazy leather jacket with
lidslip collar and leather
trousers by Bureau Gals, her-
in leather boots by Helmut
Lang. The jacket by leather
jackets by Gaultier, shirt by
Vivienne Westwood. The jacket by
Gaultier, shirt by Helmut.

Top: Anna Karina; jacket by
Christian Dior; earrings by
Christian Dior; necklace by
Diane von Furstenberg; shoes
by Jil Sander; jacket by
Jil Sander; necklace by
Jil Sander; shoes by
Jil Sander.





Decorative: Lindsey Jones
Styling: Christine Lee
Hair: Paul Lee for L'Oréal
Makeup: Christine Lee
Nails: Michelle Lee
Shoes: Christian Louboutin
Accessories: Jimmy Choo
Jewelry: Tiffany & Co.

[illegible]

4. *Johnny Depp* (2004)
 Depp has started making
 himself look like a
 1940s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 1950s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 1960s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 1970s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 1980s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 1990s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 2000s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 2010s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)
 and is now a
 2020s-style gangster
 (see *The Dark Knight*)

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DREAM TEAM
THIS YEAR MARKS
THE FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF
ITALIAN DESIGN
TEAM DOLCE
& GABBANA'S
SENSUAL,
CINEMATIC
STYLE, SHOWCASED
HERE BY ACTOR
JARED LETO.
THE SECRET OF
THEIR SUCCESS IS
SIMPLE: THEY
MAKE WOMEN
LOOK SEXY
AND MEN LOOK
MASCULINE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TROY HOUSE.
PRODUCED BY
JOHN MATHIER.



Styled and hairdressed by Dolce & Gabbana.



Left: Three-button herringbone wool coat, V-neck cashmere sweater, French-collared custom shirt, silk tie, plain-front wool trousers, and lace-up oxford shoes. Center: Wool-and-leather carigan and crewneck cotton pullover.

Right: Cultivate coat, short-sleeved V-neck sweater, plain-front wool trousers, and lace-up oxford shoes. All by Dolce & Gabbana.



border war

(continued from page 50) live along the border, the border itself is the greatest resource.

"We're the number one station in this sector for narcotics," Rick Aguilar, the agent in charge of the Border Patrol station in Rio Grande City, says, "and we're not even meeting during routine patrol in last Fall Brown." It's remote but not too far from the major roads. You can cross the river anywhere. I have eighty-eight miles of border to cover and thirty-five agents. It works out to about five agents in the field on any shift." Patrol in Starr County is not confined to the post.

The frustration of law-enforcement officers like Aguilar is compounded by the widespread tolerance of smuggling along the border. As a result, he can't always rely on his colleagues. In Hidalgo County, to the east of Starr, the sheriff was convicted in 1994 of selling cocaine vials to a jailed drug dealer. In Zapata County, to the west, the county judge was convicted that same year of allowing smugglers to use the county airport to fly drugs. The sheriff of Brewster County, above Big Bend National Park, was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1992 for smuggling twenty-four hundred pounds of cocaine across the river.

The Brown's radio buzzed and popped. Aguilar answered it and then turned to me. "Want to go to a drug bust?"

As we lurched down the highway, Aguilar told me that the Border Patrol had been called in to back up the local police, who had received a tip about a bag drug cache. We turned into an unfinished housing development. Two men wearing black leather masks and carrying automatic weapons stood outside a cinder block house.

In the garage, police officers were stacking small bales of marijuana against the rear wall. They had already brought out a dozen kilo bundles of cocaine, each wrapped in clear plastic and bound with yellow tape. Inside, the house was a shambles. Clothes were strewn across the floor. Handfuls of marijuana lay scattered in the halls, the rooms reeked of resin. An inquisitive Hispanic man sat on a couch in the living room. He wore jeans and no shirt—he had been taking a shower when the police arrived, so his hair was matted wet—and he had the scars of two bullet wounds on his abdomen.

This sort of bust was a routine, almost daily occurrence, Aguilar said. Meanwhile, he went on, who knew what else had come through? "It's like sticking a finger in the dike. You get a finger here, a finger there, but other holes are opening all the time. The dope flows within cables and cell phones. They know all our cars, the parked and the unmarked. When they're bringing a load over, they follow us—they know where we are, and they'll send some dogs over as decoys, and while we're rounding them up, they'll be bringing the dope across five miles downstream."

SPANGLISH

WHEN TEXAS SECEDED FROM MEXICO in 1846, both sides claimed the region between the Rio Grande and the Nueces River, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico at Corpus Christi. Neither side really established the area—in 1850, a group of Mexicans tried to control it as an independent state, the Republic of the Rio Grande, but the Mexican army suppressed them—and it still has the feel of contested territory.

The day after the drug bust, as I was crossing from Mexico into the United States, a hundred miles south of Laredo, I picked up a hitchhiker. He was maybe twenty-five, grizzled and dusty, dressed in grayish rags. At the

customer agent stepped out of his booth, I told the hitchhiker I assumed he had a green card.

"Hicken'ch, man, 30 an American." He produced a Texas driver's license.

The customer official studied our documents. When he looked at me—his watch had slipped his fingers into a permanent expression of anxious disbelief—I realized that on this stretch of the border, I was the one who provoked suspicion. After checking the truck, he diagonally waved us through.

"La migraan asolea," the hitchhiker said. I'd been told that the people who live along the border are "bilingual in both languages." Instead of muttering either English or Spanish, some speak a sort of border pidgin that freely mixes the two.

"Hicken' Spanish's, man," the hitchhiker said when I asked him about it. He gave me several examples. Customs officials were in charge. "There was le pickup an migraan on our way across. In Spanish, he explained, you would say: *Le fujon rojo an la banda*.

The hitchhiker and his wife and children were Mexican, but he had been born in the United States but lived in Mexico—his mother had crossed the border specifically to give birth in Texas—and that he was on his way down to McAllen to pick onions. That's what he did, he said, he picked fruit and vegetables—mostly fruit.

"Not a bad life, I guess," I said.

"Could be worse. You work outside, you travel. You pays it idada. I been in Virginia, Florida, California, Washington, Kentucky. It's not a bad life if you don't mind pickin' hicken' fruit. You got to pick a lot of hicken' fruit."

I was heading west and he'd been off on the road to Zapata. "Hicken' fujon' legs," I said.

He chuckled with laughter, revealing brown, gapped teeth. "Ti hana, grapa."

BOYSTOWN

LAREDO, SITTING BETWEEN I-35—THE major highway between Monterey and Dallas and thus the main land route from Mexico to the United States—the international border town. A NAFTA-driven boom has made it the second-fastest-growing city in the country, relatively speaking, real estate in Laredo is now more expensive than in New York.

Laredo represents the triumph of border entrepreneurship, which calls for selling on one side what is expensive, unavailable, or illegal on the other. Mexicans cross into Laredo to eat at Dairy Queen and Church's Chicken and to buy Panipies and Levi's at places like the Mall. In North American version over to Nuevo Laredo across the river to buy ampes, hammocks, and duty-free liquor; to have cigars and pueraceros filled less expensively than at home, to open maquiladoras, or assembly plants, where they pay Mexican workers dollars to assemble dollars a week to make everything from sweatshirts to automobiles air bags, and to copulate (not cheaply) with prostitutes.

Indeed, if Laredo is the quintessential border town, then Boynawia, a faded suburban complex in Nuevo Laredo, is the quintessential expression of border acrimony. Every Mexican border town has a *zona libre*, a no-duty district, but in Laredo acrimony is much a larger and fiercer business than the perfume work in their own walled city.

"Half my fees are to Boynawia," Juan Valdez told me early one evening. Juan Valdez is a cabdriver. He had a

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"YOU WANT WOMAN?" JUAN ASKED ME. HE WINKED. IT WAS ALL RIGHT WITH HIM.

diagonal henna and wore yellow analostan cowboy boots, and when I approached him outside the Posada Hotel on St. Augustine Square and told him I wanted to visit Boytown, he gave me a roguish, conspiring smile and said, "You want women, huh?" I said I just wanted to see the place. He winked and nodded to indicate that I didn't need to pretend, it was quite all right with him.

"All the girls want to go to Boytown," Juan said, and we crossed the international bridge. "It's the biggest tourist attraction in Laredo. In busy season—November, December—it is packed." His English was good but heavily accented. *En la frontera* was, as he published.

We drove to the outskirts of town, past shiny metal grilles and along a white stucco wall with painted advertisements that had faded in the sun Juan turned in at its gate and parked. Juan inside was a small police station. Through a window, I could see two Mexican policemen reading newspapers. The police, Juan said, regulate Boytown. They keep order, collect fees from the bar owners and prostitutes, and try, or pretend to try, to keep underage girls from going into business. "Some guys want officers," Juan said, thirty-year-olds. They can sometimes get them down by the bridge. The girls in Boytown have to be eighteen, so they say.

Juan and I walked down the ramshackle, unpaved streets. The compound took up several blocks. Above the rows of bars were rooms where the prostitutes lived. Laundry hung on poles extending from windows. A woman sat on a balcony, scratching her legs. The whole place had the sense of confinement and sadness associated with a military barracks. Juan led me to a bar called Papa Goyo's. "This is the most expensive place," he said. "The girls have the best bodies." He remained concerned that I wanted a woman.

Laredo is a popular R&B destination for off-road roadshows, and three tables in Papa Goyo's were filled with huge, well-dressed American men drinking beer and playing cards. None of them had taken off their hats. Their expressions were haughty, even grumpy, and they ignored the women who lounged about in various states of undress and lassitude.

When Juan and I took a table, a young woman in a zebra-striped bikini sat down on my lap and studied me with the prostitute's boldly conspiring eyes. "Come on," she murmured. "We'll take a show. I'll make you real hard." Real hard.

She had pretty, almond-shaped eyes and a long, honey jaw. She had dyed her hair a shiny copper color. Her forehead, under the heavy makeup she wore, was stippled with a rash of tiny lesions.

"How much?" I asked.

"Fifty dollars for everything."

"What's that?"

"A neck and a fuck."

I told her I was a journalist and offered to buy her a drink. She sighed but slid off my lap and took a chair. She said that her name was Samantha, that she was nineteen, that she worked Mondays through Thursdays from 4:00 p.m. to

1:00 a.m., averaging six customers a night, that on weekends she took the bus back to Monterey to be with her two young children, that she had no husband or boyfriend or pimp, that she paid the owner of Papa Goyo's five dollars for the room, one dollar for the condoms, and one dollar for the towel, and that she made more money in one night as a prostitute than she would working for a month as a magazine.

Two American men in white suits and white shirts—classic lunch-palate—appeared in the doorway. Their expressions were a complicated mix of sheepishness, lust, and suspicion. Seeing them, Samantha said, "You want your article and you get paid, but you want me to talk without getting paid. Why should I?"

It was a good question. In the hypocritical culture of the border, all people are connoisseurs, every encounter a transaction. Samantha rose, assumed her boldly conspiring look again, and approached the two lunch pals, whose faces, when they saw her, broke into ecstatic smiles.

Later, Juan took me down a long block lined, like the facade of a motel, with doors. Women leaned against the openings. "Those girls here are only ten dollars," Juan said. He pointed to a thin young woman in a black bikini blouse. "Look at that one. She's cute. Some of these ladies are real bad looking. At night, with the paint and everything, it's different."

We passed by a gay bar named the Dallas Cowboys. Three transvestites with hair-trigger butts sat outside, smoking. They leered and beckoned. Down the street, a bar flew a round depicting a girl in a corset, a woman. "That's just a joke," Juan said. "Men in a corset. But there is a real doozy show. Live doozy and a woman. Doozy has a twenty-inch dick." *Twenty-inch dick.*

A stringy Anglo in a black cowboy hat and his girlfriend, a leathery blond, were walking down the street, peering into the various doorways and laughing. The woman, whose laugh had the harsh quality of a cross yell, seemed to be working extremely hard to give the impression that she found it all quite hilarious.

RANCHER TWO WEEKS INTO THE TRIP, I CROSSED the Texas River, which flows into the Rio Grande five hundred miles above Brownsville. The river flows upon it so remote, so barren—the landscape here is stark, the grass sparse, the soil arid—that the border as a cultural demarcation seems to disappear. When that happens, when the border fades, it becomes possible to glimpse what the land was like before it was drawn, as I was able to do when I spent the day with Jack Skiles.

Skiles, a man, born on a little farm above the confluence of the Pecos and the Rio Grande. He is a lean, weathered man with a soft voice and a cautious manner. No sooner had I arrived than he asked me if I wanted to see the cave paintings. Of course I did. He lifted his aging Labrador into the back of his white pickup, engaged the four-wheel drive, and took me down a perilously steep trail to the Rio Grande.

"SMART WETBACKS," SANCHEZ SAID, "DON'T PAY TL COYOTE TAKES THEM."

We poked at the river's edge and walked through a grove of oak oaks and up a skirted over creek bed into Eagle Nest Canyon. Its winding limestone walls, weathered to the colors of yellow and rust, rose two hundred feet into the air. We climbed up over boulders bigger than cars to a huge, shallow cave carved into the canyon's hillside.

From a cave in to a cave out, Sanchez said, the cave had been inhabited by a group known as the Pecos River People. He pointed out, high on the cave wall, a prehistoric painting of a shaman. There had been other paintings, he said, but the cave had been used to pen sheep at the turn of the century, and the night milking herd had rubbed against the walls and erased them.

"I came down here a lot," Stiles said. "You want to see outside and compare with the spirit of the place?"

We sat. The sky was marbled blue. A hawk floated through the canyon and disappeared around the bend. "The people in this cave must have lived like dogs," Stiles said. He paused. "They'll probably say that about us down the road." The first white people who lived here had it rough, too. I told him of one old woman bornabout who used to herd goats all day when she was a girl. I asked her what she did for her herd. She said, "I'd just crawl down under the heavy goat and make her rest. She let me, and it was a riot, let white too. That was my lynch."

The hawk drifted by again, its shadow running beneath it along the wind-scoured limestone. The immensity of time the canyon encompassed—in three hundred million years of geological history and twelve thousand years of habitation by the Pecos River People—made the terms of the current border debate seem hopelessly narrow and unimportant. The canyon, I thought, represented a larger, more authentic idea of time, one that Jack Stiles seemed to inhabit, and one that seemed profoundly removed from New York and its fixation on media popularity. I said so to Stiles.

"You'd be surprised how much we're informed by New York," he replied, deflating my revelation. "The satellite package I get comes the New York station. So when I watch the news, I watch Bill Bristle—he's your local ABC anchor here in New York—telling me about the latest drug shoot-out in the Bronx."

STARS THAT AFTERNOON, I CONTINUED WERE ON Highway 97, just outside Manheim. I saw a dark devil, a small creature, move in an almost loitering fashion across the desert, pulling the powdery and upward into a working hole. I cut south on Highway 97 and at twilight entered Big Bend National Park.

I climbed into the lodge in the Chisos Mountains. I had a room on the second floor, looking out into the prairie then. A sign on the ground below said, NO HOT MEATS, THE ANIMALS, and of course the other couple in the room beneath me were flagrantly disobeying it, passing dishes of sausage down to a grunting herd of porcine that apparently gathered at the sign each evening in order to be fed. The

couple froze at the sound of my footsteps on the balcony overhead. "I won't tell," I called down.

At 11 on that night, I drove as high up into the mountains as I could, parked, and climbed a rock ledge. It was chilly and there was no moon, but the stars were out, a wealth of them, and as my eyes adjusted to the dark, they glowed more brightly. At the same time, the stars behind them emerged from the deep night like visible northstars. This process continued, layered pinpoints of stars snowing one another into view until the sky was transformed from an ink black emptiness interrupted by individual sparkles into an immense, glittering bed of light.

"Big Bend is known for its vistas," Jose Cisneros, the park's superintendent, told me the next morning. But strangely enough, the park's most serious problem, he then said, one that far surpasses both illegal immigration and smuggling, is pollution. "On clear days, you can see up to two hundred miles. Last year, we had one day with a visibility of seven miles. It was incredible, like downtown L.A. but even worse."

Two Mexican power plants in Piedras Negras, 50 miles to the east, burn coal to generate electricity for the states of Matamoros and Monterrey. Neither plant is equipped with scrubbers. Together, they release 100,000 tons of sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere each year. During the summer, the prevailing winds along the border blow out of the southeast, which puts Big Bend directly downwind of the plume.

The Mexicans, for their part, say there is no proof the pollution is coming from the plants. It could originate in Houston, they say, or Monterrey or Mexico City. It could be caused by dust. And in any event, even if the power plants are causing the haze, Mexico's population has grown from 40 million 50 years ago to the last figure given and is projected to grow to 100 million by the year 2000. All these people are as entitled to electricity as Americans. If that causes smoke in the United States, well, the Mexicans feel, Americans will have to learn to live with it.

"The Mexicans are saying, 'You Americans have the luxury of visibility concerns. We see that as an aesthetic issue. We can't afford to worry about it,'" Cisneros said. He is a first-generation Mexican American and is not entirely unemphatic to the Mexican position. "If my father built a road the river sixty years ago, I'd be saying that, too."

SIERRA VIEJA I HEADED WEST OUT OF THE PARK on my first road run, which parallels the river. The landscape here—huge piles of discolored dirt and bleached rock—has a post-apocalyptic quality. Roadside signs warned, TOOTE ARRIVARE. BURNES and CIRCLE and horses wandered beside, and sometimes across, the blacktop. Beyond Piedras, a sign said, HERE, and the road, which I paved but virtually ungraded, begins to loop and roll with the dizzying abruptness of an amusement park ride. It is periodically striped with dead mounds, which sweep toward the shoulder in a desperate air of scorched rubber and, quite often, end in the grass at the base of a

beforehand Spanish cross.

I followed the road through Big Bend and up to Candelaria, where, at a PAVEMENT END sign, it simply stopped. Candelaria, which has a tiny white church and a couple of bars, was deserted, so I doubled back to Big Bend and pulled up at its one store, a sea-fog-green building shaded by a cactuswood tree. It was a bar, and, except for the bartender, it was empty.

The bartender seemed pleased at the prospect of company and as I drank a soda, he told me that his name was Ben Besawide, that he was sixty-five, that he had lived in Big Bend (population twelve) when he was seven, that he had a son (thirteen) who works in the nearby Chisos Mountains, that he could support a mountain of sixty head of cattle (one cow for every hundred acres), but that, because of the ongoing drought, he wanted to sell his herd and let the land rest until it rained again.

To make a hole money, he said, he had opened this bar the previous summer. He was the only purveyor of soda and beer for fifty miles.

"How many customers have you had today?" I asked. It was late afternoon.

"Including you?"

"Sure."

"Two." Ben told me that instead of returning to Piedras and taking Highway 97 up to Marfa, I could cut the road on gravel tracks that began at Big Bend and run up through Pecos Canyon. But he advised against it unless I had a pickup. "There are boulders," he said. "You can hit your door pan. It's a long walk back out if you break down or get stuck. The Pecos Canyon road is beautiful but dangerous."

I decided to take it anyway. Ben had been right about the road's condition. I crossed creeks, maneuvered around boulders, straddled the road too deep to drive in, inched along narrow channels cut out of the sides of cliffs. They could stop chewing on dirt like to which me go by. The climb was constant—from an altitude of eight hundred feet up to five thousand feet—and it took more than an hour to reach the road. I cut out of the scrub and came onto a beautiful rolling plain, got out of the car. Women of straw are through the golden grass. The sun was about to set. Off to the west, the plain dipped up and then suddenly dropped away. It was the rim of an escarpment, and it curved and folded back upon itself, enabling me to see no two-colored, copper-streaked walls.

Further away were the Sierra Vieja Mountains. As the sun descended behind them, the shadow they cast swept toward me across the plain as smoothly and with about the pace of a ripple passing through water. There were no clouds, and no massed of burning into a herd, flaming smoke, the sky slowly discolored to pink.

I seemed to me then not just appropriate but inevitable, even ridiculous, that such spectacular and immense stretches of land, such frenzied, ancient mountains, could belong to one person. I suddenly felt I understood how the Indians had been incapable of grasping the concept of private property as it applied to America's majestic terrain. But then the sun disappeared and twilight settled across the plain. The moment passed. The problem with being alone in natural beauty, I told myself, is that you are at the mercy of your epiphanies.

COYOTE THREE DAYS LATER, I MET OSCAR SANCHEZ. Oscar is a coyote, or smuggler, who, for a fee, leads illegal across the border from Agua Prieta, in Mexico, to Douglas, Arizona. Both Operatives Hold the Line in El Paso and Operatives Gatekeeper in San Diego have used massive resources to keep illegal ships from crossing in their area. Consequently, the flow of alien has, with the inevitability of a river seeking a new channel, shifted over to relatively unguarded points like Douglas.

Oscar is fifteen, pale, with olive eyes and chapped lips and dirty fingerless—good-looking in a scruffy, scrappy sort of way. I saw a small for twenty-dollar bill in a brown envelope, after all, and he said that since his father was dead, he had to support his mother and his brothers and sisters, he agreed to give me a tour of Agua Prieta and its smuggling operations.

We set out in a Mexican taxi for the bus station. Four men squatted on the building's shade. "These are the coyotes," Oscar said. "This comes every hour. Too much people cross now. More than before."

Oscar explained that some illegals, usually young men from the north, simply wanted a guide across the border. Oscar charged them twenty dollars apiece and usually led five or six into Douglas each day just before dawn, taking them to the Tucson station or the Wal-Mart, where they caught their own arrangements to get south. If they got caught, they were released to free men would take them out again the next day for free. "I make guarantees."

Other coyotes, he said, offered package trips all the way up to Phoenix or Tucson at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1000. "Some webcams stupid," Oscar said. "Give money to coyotes right away. A lot of coyotes have. Leave webcams at home. Smart webcams keep half of money until coyotes are taking them across."

The coyotes running the big groups, Oscar went on, will take them to one of the Douglas hotels, where as many as twenty illegals will stay in one room for as long as a week, waiting for the highway north to clear. The coyotes will send men with cell phones along the highway, and if they find out the cops are on the Border Patrol checkpoints. If the checkpoints are open, the coyotes will drive in within a mile of them and drop off the illegals, who then walk around the checkpoints through the desert and come back out on the highway to the north. They will hide in the brush, hanging a cloth on a bush to signal their location, until the visa prices them up again.

We reached the border and drove along a dirt track that paralleled the cyclone fence defining it. Only a few hundred yards from the official crossing point, with an intimidating scowl of razor wire, the fence had crumpled holes in it, holes large enough to walk through without stopping, holes almost five feet wide. I counted five of them within half a mile. One was wide enough to allow a car to pass.

"Dogs guard north, stolen cars coming south," Oscar said. "They drive right through."

We stopped, got out, and walked through one of the holes. On the American side was a deep ditch, a dirt road, some scrub, and, beyond it, houses. Oscar gestured at two surveillance cameras, a quarter of a mile away in other direction. They were mounted on poles about a hundred feet high. He then pointed out a Border Patrol Beacon parked in a meadow clump down the dirt road. "The camera sees us," he said. "Radio reports it to the agents, but he is

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come after us until we cross the ditch."

"How do you avoid the Border
Patrol?" I asked.

"Easy. We pay boy-on-dollar to get
daddy. He goes across. La migra go after
him, take him back to go. We go
across."

WHITE CITY WEST OF BORDERS,
it was impossible
to follow the border, which cuts
through ancient land in the Santa
Diana. I took Highway 101 through
Borderville, where I stopped for a
house, then 14 to Yuma, crossed the
divided Colorado River, entered Cal-
ifornia's Imperial Valley, then, after
passing back into Mexico at Calexico
and Mexicali, reached Tijuana.

Paul Theroux once wrote a lyrical
passage about the typical English sounds
town, and at my final crossing, I was
struck by how similarly generic all
border towns are. On the American
side, there is always a string of shops
with signs saying CASH ON CAMINO and
CASH ON CAMINO. There is a
Western Union and a Yum-Yum Chinese
restaurant and a storefront restaurant
owned by Mexicans who want an Ameri-
can address in order to collect American
benefits to which they are not entitled.
There is a Border Motel, a Border Cafe,
and a Border City Company.

At the crossing point, a battered
Honda Civic with Mexican plates won't
start. Young Mexican men are pushing
it. The American immigration officials
watching drive always wear aviator
glasses and never smile, and their Mexi-
can counterparts always have shirts that
are too tight and never know discretion.

On the Mexican side, the traffic is
always backed up. There is a juanita
with a sign saying, OFFER OUR FISHES
and a demento with a sign saying, SU-
CUMUS AMERICA. The liquor store is called
La Chance. One bar is El Pasa, the
best at Marbella Disco. Shops display
overalls—plaster busts and crabs, Je-
sus figurines. An Indian woman with
magic eyes begs listlessly, and a little girl
with white teeth and a stained dress
wells children. A taxi driver pulls a
best picture of a naked woman. A man
in a sleeveless T-shirt stands on a bull
corp, either picking his nose or smok-
ing. A young woman who is beautiful
and pregnant walks across the street
with her head held high and her eyes
fixed resolutely on the middle distance,
and the men regard her with a mixture
of preoccupation and lust. The air is

always polluted. It is always hot.
I arrived north in San Diego. The
city—its clean and crisp (and so where)
in the uniforms of the naval officers at
the Coronado naval base across the
bay—is not a border town at all. Its
summed skyscrapers house Japanese
banks, emerging-market mutual funds,
plastic surgeons. Red trailers click
smoothly along its impeccable streets.
Ray Kroc, the founder of McDonald's,
lived in San Diego. Dennis Chavez still
does. The city looks north to Orange
County and west across the Pacific to
Asia. Tijuana, twelve miles south, is an
unusually instance that San Diego is
forced to accommodate.

I reached the downtown water-
front and passed the San Diego Con-
vention Center (designed with a
crane-ship theme in mind), one guide-
book revealed. At the Rappahannock
National Convention, to be held there
three months later, Americans would
use the space of a nation swamped
by immigrants. Slowly they will come,
checked into the light baggage van to
the north. A computerized queue
played still in the lobby. Scenic gift
shops sold pecking clothes and crystal
accessories of keeping dolphins. The
hotel's ambient atmosphere had, as was
intended, an anesthetic effect. In my
rooms, high up on the thirty-fifth floor
with its minimalist acrylic carps and
whispering air conditioner and sun-
drenched view of the bay, I began to feel
drowsy. I found myself missing the hor-
rid's unrestrained vitality as I remembered
disappointment.

Lying on the bed, I remembered
how, after spending the morning with
Omar in Agua Prieta, I had headed up
to Tijuana—an obligatory stop on
the RV circuit. The saloon where
Morgan Eliza was shot while playing
pool is now Outfront, which de-
scribes itself as "the largest T-shirt shop
west of the Mississippi." The build-
ings in foot Hill cemetery, which
can be entered only through a gift
shop, are playing like the regularly
scheduled showtimes. When I was
there, German tourists poked along
the boardwalk in Velcro sandals, dis-
tally videotaping everything. None of
them had the slightest idea that a fron-
tier as wild, as theatrical, and as Moody
as the one that Theroux's merchants
shamelessly exploit, still exists a few
miles south, in the unnamed territory
of the border, where the struggle for
control of the land continues. ■

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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ. JULIE BAUMGOLD

EATING DISORDERS

IF IT HAS BEEN A REALLY BAD day, the kind of day that calls out for high-pitched screams and cheap, cold, I saw to my favorite **HOUSING**, the TV Food Network. There, at any hour, someone is taking an extremely sharp knife to a sporting vegetable as though it really matters.

This poor food-fol is grating, slicing, wedging, decimating the flesh with sprays of violence, engaging in food lunacy as his millions of viewers are eating potato chips. As he peels, smashes, throws sliced carrots into trashcans until something olive oil in his shiny unscarred pants, I feel the chair puns hitting like a club. What the *Winkler Channel* is to some—a clear finish, a beacon of boredom, a blessed respite—the Food Network is to me.

The Food Network is inhabited by wonderfully peculiar characters like *Enzo's Lagoon of Food*.

"Let's take those babies out and kick it up a notch," he says, snarling his chivalry hands. "We're having a blast with this thing." He is the most physical chef, working his fingers into the salad to give it a good massage. "We're only cooking," he said once. "We're not," and he purred where others might have said, "don't panic please." Instead, *Enzo's* said, "We're not building a case."

Watching the pedantic David Baumgardner go on about parmigiano reggiano, I could feel the great hormones seeping from my body, though they recharged with *Roxy*—*Set*. *Gold*, a renal cocktail confection. Cooking means not all over the channel with *The Flirt*, *Tamara and Graham de Chille*.

Some of the chefs clearly love their own food more than others do. An old proponent makes me trust those who, like "Molto" Mario Batali, fill out their

sprouts and chef's shirts. Since the Food Network began, Robin Leach, who talks as if he has something delicious in his mouth, has taken on *Asphalade*. Interrupted only by heartburn commercials, the Food Network has its own language. They drink the olive oil, eat the vegetables. They live in a realm where the French food is always crusty and battered roadside wait. The foodies have their own accents, too. They smack the garlic clove with the flat of



The elegant *Cyprus*, Enzo Angileri goes physical.

the knife, apple, poultry fingers squeeze the skin off baby beets. This is an aggressive outlet. The expensive knife flies as the weak pops (*San Gio Chalk*). Sometimes going about his own sassy ditty, the network has health and fitness shows that tell what to do between snoring and cooking and that address questions like "Can animals become skeletons?" (a especially pigs, which is something to keep in mind).

Of course, some food goes. I've dropped the ingredients into wavy little dishes, just so the master chef can stand there and batter. But even when food couples batter, like the hosts of *The Hot Tamale* or the egregious supper of *How*

to Be! *Wine*, they take it much seriously. You have to love a network that votes with vegetables (*Roxy*, *Set*, *Gold*).

Everyone on the Food Network is very busy—except me. I have found that the only way to watch is never to take notes or write down ingredients that might be missing from the perfectly stocked *Purple* border, which is richer in corner fluff and scurrying creatures than it is in the hulkiness from *Modena*. I try not to think of this, or the whole purpose of the Food Network is deflated.

The moment everyone waits for on the Food Network is when the *Perfect Plate* is produced, always with the accompanying shimmering balloon glass of the *Perfect Wine*, and I am filled with a sense of accomplishment brought cheap. The mean note, the studio audience applauds. It is so green, so red, so yellow, so trashy, so crunchy, so spicy, so layered in food complexities—towers of treasure so rich in density—and, most of all, possible. Food is the most possible possession.

Of course the network has a larger meaning: it is not just pure appetite. Food relates to the idea of love and chance, which is how that

season is closing down. In the bio-size-chunk culture, all potential is completely lacking. Books are written in *chunks* (of Juan Delano, Jose Mendelsohn), like an action movie scene or a chunk of TV between the commercials. In the space of a rock video, things are done for the easily bored, the channel and Net surfers, the hunched, flickering attention spans. Thus, on the food channel, almost nothing is actually cooked through in real time—this boring, say, three hours. No, instantly it comes from the oven, previously cooked, at TV time, the most a Joe Klein of deception.

All the dishes are on the table now, I think I'll bar open a bag of *Lo's* it

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